Jan. 2, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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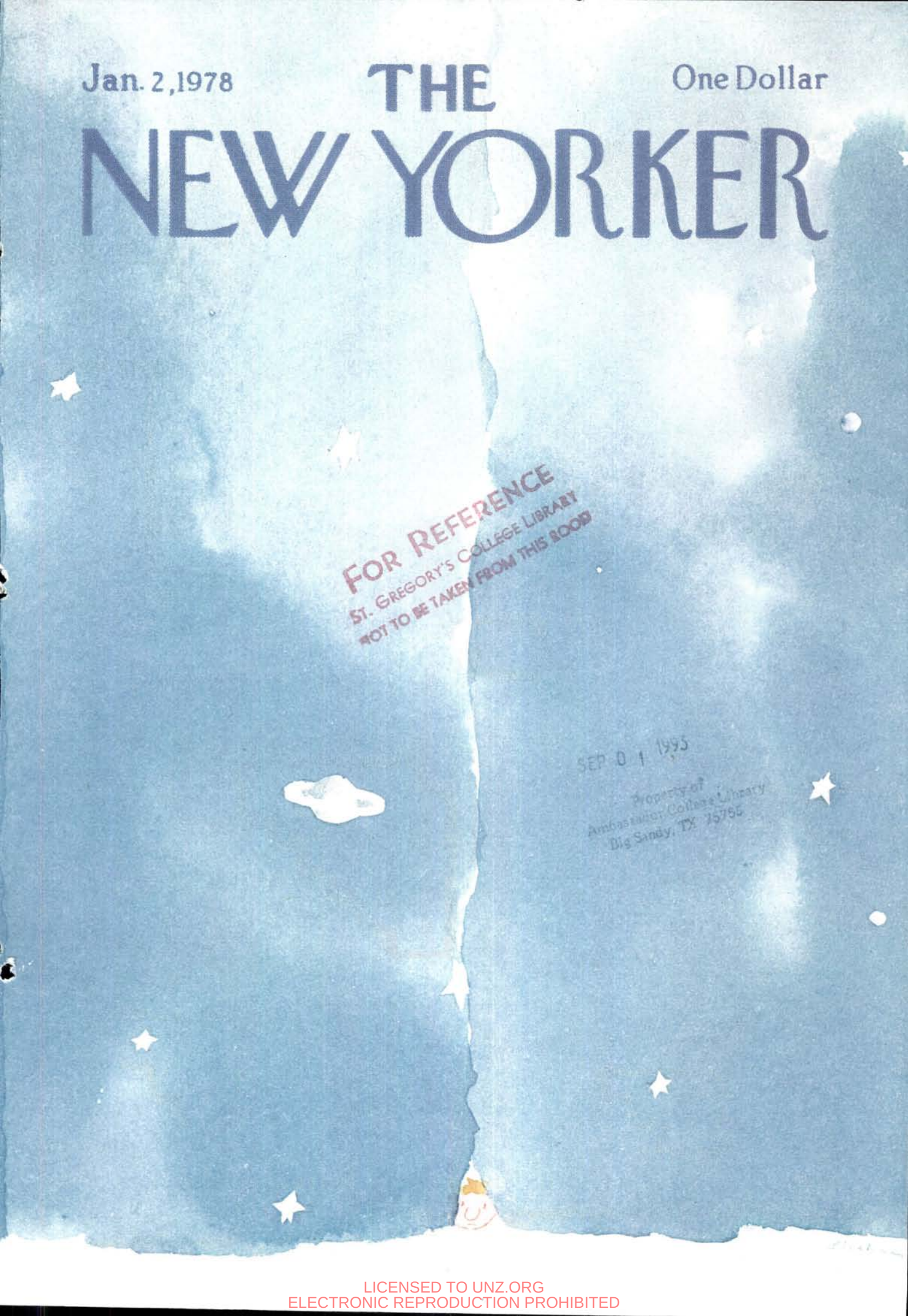

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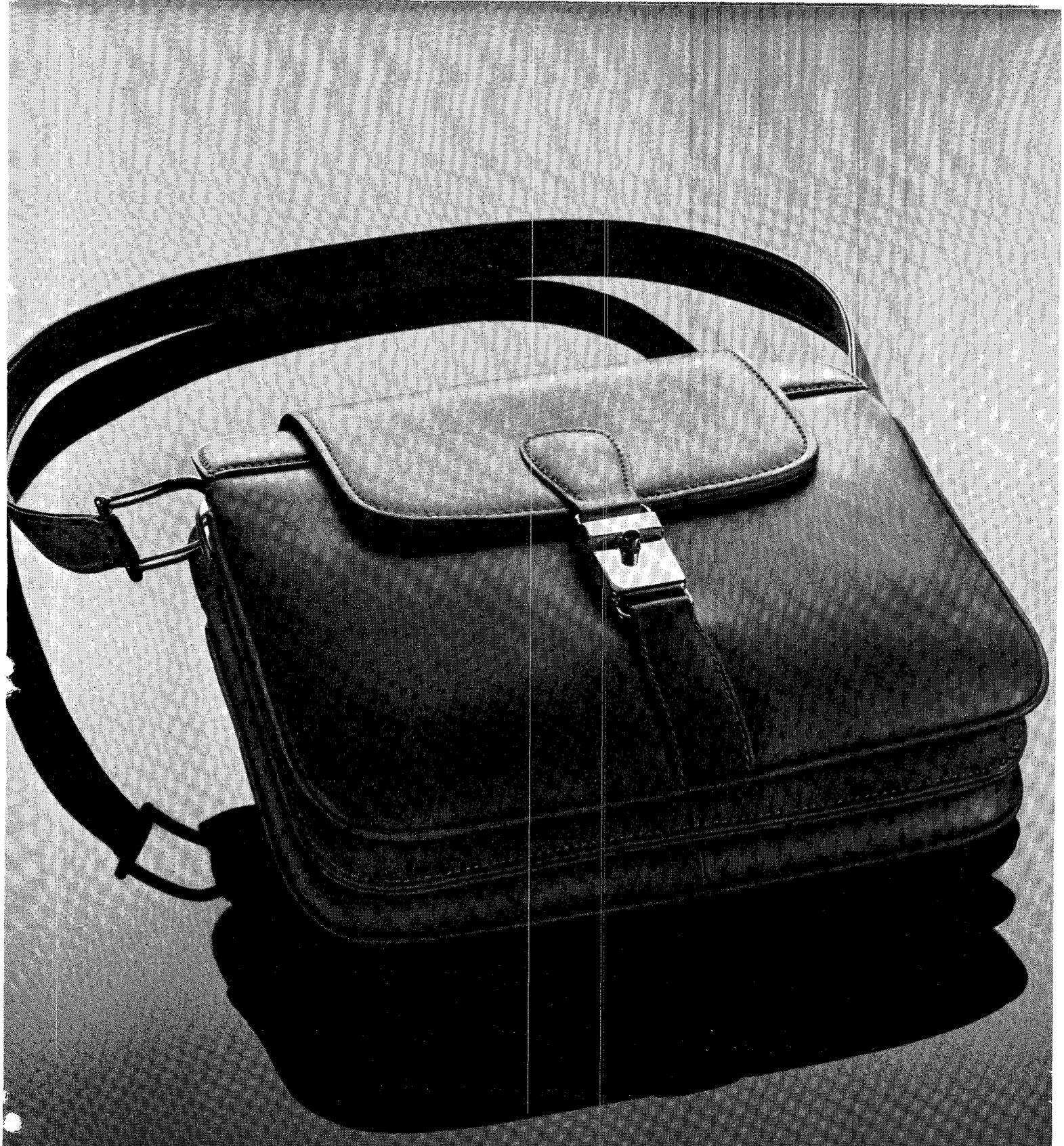

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE ACT—We are in a Las Vegas night club, watching a gifted performer do a series of star turns. The performer is played by Liza Minnelli and she *is* gifted, but who would want to be in Vegas? (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AN ALMOST PERFECT PERSON—Running for political office and making love are, it appears, related activities. A comedy by Judith Ross, with Colleen Dewhurst, George Hearn, and Rex Robbins, directed by Zoe Caldwell. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ANNIE—A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks, both altered for the purposes of an amusing book by Thomas Meehan. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CHAPTER TWO—A new comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Judd Hirsch plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

COLD STORAGE—A new production of Ronald Ribman's play, with Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 29. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2.)

DRACULA—Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE DYBBUK—A revival, under the powerful, resourceful direction of Joseph Chaikin, of S. Ansky's play about demonic possession and Chasidic rites of exorcism. The production as a whole is fascinating, and every performance is good. The remarkable actors in the leading roles are Richard Bauer, Bruce Myers, Paul Zimmet, Jamil Zakkai, and Marcia Jean Kurtz. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except Dec. 31, and Sundays at 3.)

THE ELUSIVE ANGEL—A play by Jack Gilhooley. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 8.)

FRANKIE AND ANNIE—A play by Diane Simkin. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 28, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 22. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7.)

THE GIN GAME—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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GOLDA—Glimpses of the life of an eminent public personage. Anne Bancroft is superb in the title role of William Gibson's play. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 29, at 2.)

I LOVE MY WIFE—A musical that affects an unconvincing raunchiness. Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR—A revival of the Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (score) musical. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 28-29, at 2 and 8; Friday, Dec. 30, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 7; and Sunday, Jan. 1, at 2. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30.)

THE KING AND I—An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A LIFE IN THE THEATRE—David Mamet's most recent wonder is a loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny, and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Friday, Jan. 6, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 30, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE MANDRAKE—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—A moving revival of one of the most romantic of all musicals. Richard

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DRAWINGS: *James Stevenson, William Steig, George Price, Arnie Levin, Edward Frascino, George Booth, James Mulligan, Warren Miller, Everett Opie, Burt Silverman, Edward Koren, Dean Vietor, Lee Lorenz, Charles Saxon, Bill Woodman, Mischa Richter, Jack Ziegler, Robert Weber, Dana Fradon, J. B. Handelsman*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kiley (Chev Rodgers fills in for him on Wednesday afternoon) is just right as Quixote, and Emily Yancy makes a satisfactory *Dulcinea*. (*Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626.* Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons utters every single word of this long, loud, often funny and at bottom terrifying comedy. The author is a dazzling young Brazilian named Roberto Athayde. (*Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Wednesday through Saturday* at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

Naked—A play by Luigi Pirandello, translated by William Murray. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

The Offering—An old man, who years ago moved out of Harlem to the upper West Side; a younger man, once an apprentice of his and now a professional killer; the wife of the first; and the white girl friend of the second—these are the characters in Gus Edwards' taut, often threatening (and sometimes funny) drama of sexual urgency and rivalry. The play is fascinating, and the acting, by Douglas Turner Ward, Charles Weldon, Olivia Williams, and Katherine Knowles, is entirely worthy of it. Mr. Ward directed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except New Year's Eve, at 7:30 and 11; Sundays at 8; and New Year's Eve at 6 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 28.)

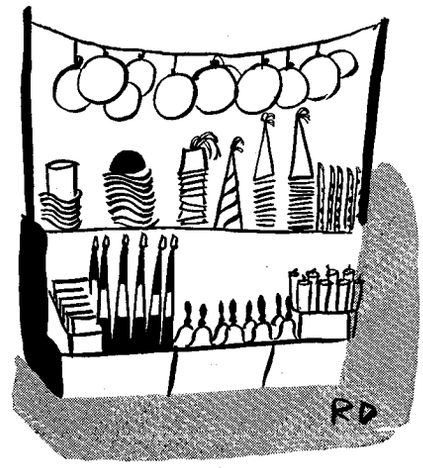
A Photograph—In music, dancing, projections, and brief scenes, Ntozake Shange tells the story of an ambitious black photographer and the loving women who are the victims of his stormy temperament and bitterness. She has subtitled her play "A Study of Cruelty," but there is much more to it than that—humor, liveliness, and dramatic invention, among other things. Miss Shange is the author of "For Colored Girls . . ." Avery Brooks, Michele Shay, Petronia Paley, Count Stovall, and Hattie Winston are the good actors, under Oz Scott's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except Dec. 31, and Sundays at 3.)

Play and Other Plays—Three one-acters by Samuel Beckett. All of them are brief, witty, and lyrical, and all of them are about memories. "Play" is a revival; "That Time" and "Footfalls" are new to American audiences. Under Alan Schneider's direction, the performance is indeed haunting, but most of the humor goes by the board. Donald Davis, in a couple of leading roles, hits the right note time after time. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 9. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 15.)

Saint Joan—Shaw's superb play, acted with care and considerable feeling by a company that includes Lynn Redgrave as Joan and Paul Shyre, Philip Bosco, and Tom Aldredge. The director is John Clark. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Shadow Box—Hard to believe, but this play by Michael Cristofer, whose subject is death, is a highly affirmative and sometimes comic affair. With Josef Sommer, Gwyda Donhowe, and Marge Redmond. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An evening of delectable songs by the cleverest (and sometimes the most touching) of contemporary popular composers. The performers are Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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A Touch of the Poet—Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Milo O'Shea head the cast in a revival of O'Neill's drama. José Quintero directed. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 28. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Jan. 2, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 29, and Monday, Jan. 2.)

Ulysses in Traction—Albert Innaurato's satire about a play rehearsal at a college with a race riot going on outside, and about many other matters besides, is certainly scattered, but it is also sporadically strong and affecting, and often very funny. The acting, under Marshall W. Mason's direction, is exceptionally good. With William Hurt, Trish Hawkins, and Jake Dengel, among others. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Where the Mississippi Meets the Amazon—In this recital of poetry by the poets Ntozake Shange, Thulani, and Jessica Hagedorn (to the accompaniment of a jazz band under David Murray's direction), words, music, and movement combine to make a charming show, which could go on twice as long as it does. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Sundays at 4 and 8.)

Long Runs—bubbling brown sugar: A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the club:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 30, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, Dec. 30, at 7 and 9:30.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 7,344 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **for colored girls who have considered suicide:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 4, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **gemini:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 3.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 30, at 3.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Friday, Dec. 30.) . . . **mummenschanz:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Eve, at 8; on New Year's Eve at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 2.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 30, at 10.) . . . **same time, next year:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Monday, Jan. 2, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Jan. 2, at 3.) . . . **sly fox:** Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 3, Vincent Gardenia will replace Mr. Preston. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **the wiz:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 29.) . . . **your arms too short to box with god:** Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except Dec. 31, at 2; special matinées

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Wednesday, Dec. 28, and Friday, Dec. 30, at 2, and New Year's Day at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 28-30, at 2 and 8, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 7 and 10. Thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10; matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

MOSCOW CIRCUS—Cossack riders, clowns, acrobats, strongmen, jugglers, and dancing bears. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 28-30, at 10:30, 2, and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 7:30; and final performances Sunday and Monday, Jan. 1-2, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2; Thursday, Dec. 29, at 1 and 5; Friday, Dec. 30, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," "Allegro Brillante," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 6, at 8: "La Source," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 2: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," "Sonatine," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8: "La Source," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Divertimento No. 15." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE—A brief return engagement—Wednesday evening, Dec. 28; Friday evening, Dec. 30; and Saturday matinée, Dec. 31: "Ciona," "Lost in Fauna," "Ocellus," "Vagabond," "Alraune," "Samhain," and "Untitled." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 29, and Saturday evening, Dec. 31: "Monkshood's Farewell," "Pagliaccio," "Shizen," "Pseudopodia," and "Untitled." (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

JOSÉ MOLINA BAILES ESPAÑOLES—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 9:45; and Sunday, Jan. 1, at 7:30.)

ISADORA DUNCAN CENTENARY DANCE COMPANY—A program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 5-7, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop, new-jazz, and, sometimes, veteran bebopping musicians are booked into these quarters by its sympathetic proprietor, drummer **RASHIED ALI**. Ali himself will perform with a quartet through Saturday, Dec. 31. Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 3-7, **DAVID EYGES**, a lively young jazz cellist, will head a combo. Mondays are session times for trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels and his fourteen-piece band, called Energy, which is sometimes gangly, frequently free and robust, and nearly always accessible. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Organic jazz and out-there apple juice. On Friday, Dec. 30, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki and his combo will back singer Rhada Shothm; on New Year's Eve, singer Sheila Jordan, drummer Beaver Harris, bassist Cameron Brown, and pianist Greg Cargau will all join forces; on Sunday, Jan. 1, guitarist John Scofield, pianist Richie Beirach, bassist George Mraz, and drummer Joe La Barbara will perform. Sets begin at nine-thirty and midnight.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—with a self-conscious portrait of the club interior hanging near the stage. Pianist and songwriter Fred Silver and singers Betty Glenn, Joe Porter, and Gordon Ramsey offer up Silver's music nightly. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On New Year's Eve, the Silver show will take a rest, and Chad Mitchell and Liz Corrigan, who were both folkies at one time and who have both evolved into rousing, sturdy-voiced, non-self-indulgent cabaret singers, will be the entertainment. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in a variety of jazz players to perform in its cocktail lounge. Bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstream septet, the Rising Sun, perform through Friday, Dec. 30; on New Year's Eve, **RONNIE MATTHEWS** will play solo piano; and Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 4-7, pianist and Chicago avant-garde hero **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** will be working with a trio. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** is here on Wednesday, Dec. 28, and his solo sets, which have become somewhat arty, will most likely include works by Django Reinhardt and Rodrigo, a couple of meandering Jarrettine improvisations, and, as a change of pace, a simple piano solo. Singer Nona Hendryx and her disco-rock band is here Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, saxophonist **JOE FARRELL'S** group will alternate with jazz-rock internationalists electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK**, singer **URSULA DUDZIAK**, and saxophonist **ZBIGINIEW NAMYSLOWSKI**. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays; at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays; and on New Year's Eve at ten-fifteen and two. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A seemingly inexhaustible supply of devoted patrons and a new grand piano. **JIMMY ROWLES**, the house favorite and the regular Sunday-night pianist, is here for the last week of the year, too. On Monday, Jan. 2, **DAVE MCKENNA** will begin a week of solo-piano work. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a brilliant trio, with **TONY MONTE** on piano and **RON NASPO** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—There are two **BOBBY SHORTS** at the piano in the Café Carlyle. One is the famous, exhilarating balladeer, the other is the secret jazz lover. His accompanists—**BEVERLY PEER** on bass and **GENE GAMMAGE** on drums—remain mirror-perfect. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. On Monday, Jan. 2, pop singer, pianist, and comedian Michael Carney will begin a month-long visit. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays; at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays; and at eleven on New Year's Eve. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **TEDDY WILSON**, as elegant, understated, and swinging as ever, is at the piano through Saturday, Dec. 31. On Monday, Jan. 2, **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** will return from her semester break. Music from about nine-thirty Mondays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

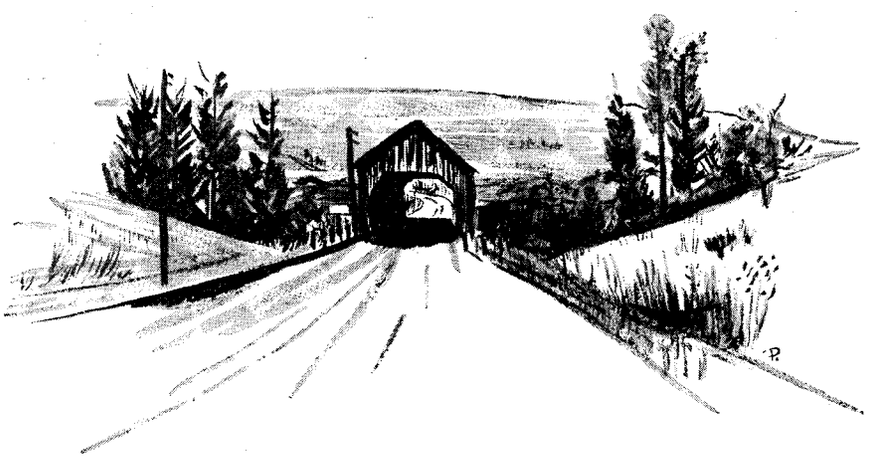
COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The folksinger **ODETTA** is here, bearing down on the blues—not an entirely successful venture. The blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** is her accompanist. Their last day is Wednesday, Dec. 28. On Thursday, Dec. 29, **ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced blues singer, songwriter, and legend (she's eighty-two) will return to delight her audiences. New Year's Eve will bring in no less than Miss Hunter, **HELEN HUMES**, and **ROSE MURPHY**—watch out, McGuire Sisters. They'll perform from ten to three. Sunday music is provided by Miss Murphy, a shrewd, swinging singer and an excellent Earl Hines pianist. Music nightly from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—This room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty, pianist Frankie Dash, clarinetist Clarence Hutchenrider, and drummer Fred Stoll turn out Bourbon Street-tourist music. Through Friday, Dec. 30. On Monday, Jan. 2, another trio—this one led by tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE**—will take over the bandstand.

DALY'S DAFFODIL, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—While the fastidious pianist **ELLIS LARKINS**, his bassist, **BILLY POPP**, and his drummer, **JACK MCALLISTER**, take breaks from their concise sets, you can watch the "Odd Couple" on color TV. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. On Sundays, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist Tibor Tomka team up. Dinner.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Warren Vaché, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. **SCOTT HAMILTON'S** quintet will join them on New Year's Eve and warm up for its regular Sunday-night appearance. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; Sundays from eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and most capable bop pianists, works with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** usually holds down the fort with



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

FRANK LUTHER on bass, JOE PUMA on guitar, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. This foursome works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session, from seven to three. Weeknights from seven to ten, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Tenor saxophonist STAN GETZ, who almost always assembles a fine quartet, is here with his current foursome Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one; a single show, at eleven, on New Year's Eve; and no music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—ROY ELDRIDGE is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. Closed New Year's Day.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—BROOKS KERR, the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, has moved into these quarters along with his fatherly associates: clarinettist and saxophonist RUSSELL PROCOPE, bassist AARON BELL, and drummer SHELTON GARY. Kerr and company perform Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr, Bell, and longtime Basie drummer JO JONES are here Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Fats Waller has always been easy to summon up, as a pianist and singer and swinger, and that's what DICK WELLSTOOD, a superb pianist, is up to here. He has brought along the guitarist MARTY GROSZ to do the singing, the trumpeter HERMAN AUTREY (who was in Waller's little band for much of its life), the reedman BABE CLARK, the bassist MILT HINTON, and the drummer TOMMY BENFORD. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. On Tuesday, Jan. 3, DICK HYMAN, BOBBY ROSENGARDEN, PEE WEE ERWIN, BOB WILBER, and MILT HINTON will start off the new year with a tribute to George Gershwin. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—CISSY HOUSTON, who used to be the lead singer with the highly regarded backup vocal quartet the Sweet Inspirations—they recorded with Elvis and Aretha in the sixties—is now on her own. She has a loose and adept R. & B. band and two beaming backup singers behind her, and her act is a celebration of pure sixties soul music. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31. Music from about ten. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The vocal quintet the PERSUASIONS is here through Saturday, Dec. 31, doing its stunning a-cappella rhythm-and-blues numbers. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 4-7, ARTIE TRAUM, PAT ALGER, and JOHN HERALD, who comprise approximately one-third of the Woodstock Mountain Review (a collection of worthy folksingers from Bearsville, Saugerties, and Shady, N.Y.)—will share the stage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

PETER BROWN, 168 W. 96th St. (866-4710)—Hard bop comes to the upper West Side. Tenor and alto saxophonist GEORGE COLEMAN heads up a very fine quintet—trumpeter and flugelhornist DANNY MOORE, who is impressive when he goes for the upper registers of his flugelhorn; drummer IDRIS MUHAMMED; bassist ALEX BLAKE; and pianist HILTON RUIZ—Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31. Shows Thursdays through Saturdays at ten, midnight, and two. Dinner.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and SY OLIVER'S bouncing dance septet populate Art Deco-land. The Oliver ensemble is present through Sunday, Jan. 1; on Tuesday, Jan. 3, Stan Rubin and his band will move in. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight; and New Year's Eve, from nine. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—*Judith Cohen*, wiry, frenetic, occasionally strident, and generally outrageous, performs for her devoted following through Saturday, Dec. 31. Shows at nine and midnight, except New Year's Eve, when they begin at seven and eleven. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from six to seven-thirty, you can hear BLOSSOM DEARIE play and sing "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Shadowing You," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua." Dinner.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room that will, alas, shut down after New Year's Eve. Tenor saxophonist ILLINOIS JACQUET and his quintet wrap things up. They're here through Saturday, Dec. 31, from ten to two-thirty.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—DAVE MATTHEWS smiles, plays electric piano, and guides his twelve-piece band through some of his charts on Mondays; on Wednesday, Dec. 28, alto saxophonist LEE KONITZ directs his nonet; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, trumpeter and occasional vocalist CHET BAKER and his quartet are here, and on New Year's Eve Lee Konitz will sit in with them. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Electric keyboardist Mike Nock heads up a quartet through Saturday, Dec. 31; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 1-2, belong to pianist NINA SHELDON, saxophonist GEORGE COLEMAN, and their quartet; and on Tuesday, Jan. 3, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki will bring in his sextet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park West at 67th St. (873-3200)—The Elm Café, with its extravagance of wood—wide-plank floors and walls and a ceiling with beams that radiate like spokes—picture windows, and muted lighting, looks like an updated version of Count Rostov's hunting lodge. The debonair, straight-arrow baritone RONNY WHYTE ably presides over the piano—dig his left hand—through Saturday, Dec. 31, from nine to one. Whyte is noted for his repertory of missed hits by Gershwin, Porter, Rodgers and Hart, et al., but occasionally he'll throw a contemporary curve, like Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind" or the George Benson *Billboard* winner "This Masquerade." Dinner. On New Year's Eve in the Crystal Room, the Peter Duchin dance orchestra will play from ten.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY, a Boston-based ragtime, slapstick-rock sextet, is present through Saturday, Dec. 31, and singer Suzy Williams, the center of attention, sounds more than ever like Bessie Smith. Shows Wednesday through Friday, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and on New Year's Eve at eight and ten. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs: Pianist JUNIOR MANCE and his trio trade sets with tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine's disco-jazz quintet through Sunday, Jan. 1. They begin at ten, and, on New Year's Eve, at eight and ten-thirty. At the Top of the Gate, on Fridays and Saturdays, cornettist DICK SUDHALTER directs a dance quintet from ten. On New Year's Eve, SYLVIA SYMS will sing at seven and again at eleven, and following Miss Syms' show, the Sudhalter crew will play dance music. In the terrace bar, harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN, guitarist EDDIE BERG, and bassist LISLE ATKINSON perform on Thursdays from nine to midnight.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Drummer ART BLAKEY and his JAZZ MESSENGERS are here through Sunday, Jan. 1; on Friday, Jan. 6, vibraharpist LIONEL HAMPTON will come in for three nights with pianist ROLAND HANNA, flutist FRANK WESS, bassist GEORGE MRAZ, and drummer RICHIE PRATT—the NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET—as his sidemen. The Monday-night institution within an institution, the THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS band, is alive, well, and, fortunately, home between tours. Music from ten. Closed Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 3-5.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Armen Donelian. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The premises are divided among students on a break, students playing pinball, and students (and others) listening to the COUNTSMEN—DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN, DILL JONES, FRANKLIN SKEETE, and JO JONES, JR.—who will perform through Friday, Dec. 30; on Saturday, Dec. 31, trumpeter Ed Lewis will lead a bebop quintet; and on Sunday, Jan. 1, and Tuesday through Saturday, Jan. 3-7, trumpeter Franc Williams will be on hand with his quartet. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Music in a thirties-chic bar area the size of a kitchenette. Patrons sit atop stool-high banquettes with the room-dominating baby grand practically in their laps. HAROLD DANKO, the pianist who currently holds the Roland Hanna Chair of Distinguished Minor Arpeggios with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band on Mondays, works here with bassist CHUCK ISRAELS Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 28-31, and on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 3-4; on Monday, Jan. 2, pianist JUDD WOLDIN and bassist FRANK LUTHER will carry on; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 5-7, JILL MCMANUS, a vigorous Wynton Kelly pianist, will perform with a bassist. Music from nine. Closed New Year's Day.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

STAR WARS CONCERT—The American Symphony Orchestra in a program of music from various S. F. films, plus a laser-light show. (Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DICTATORS and THE DEAD BOYS—CBGB Second Avenue Theatre, Second Ave. at 4th St. 260-2550. Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8.

PATTI SMITH GROUP and RICHARD HELL AND THE VOIDOIDS—CBGB Second Avenue Theatre. Thursday, Dec. 29 (plus Mars), at 8; Friday, Dec. 30 (plus Erasers), at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 31 (plus Jamal), at 9:30.

GEILS and WILLIE ALEXANDER & THE BOOM BOOM BAND—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

STUDIO RIVBEA FESTIVAL—New music and new jazz in a ground-floor loft. Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8 and 10: Electro-Acoustical Music Consort. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 29, at 9 and 11: Sam Rivers Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 30, at 8 and 10: Kalaparusha. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 30, at 9 and 11: Sam Rivers Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 9: Sam Rivers Orchestra. (Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. 473-9936.)

LEVON HELM & THE RCO ALL-STARS and THE SATURDAY NIGHT BAND—Palladium. Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Some galleries, as indicated, will be closed Saturday, Dec. 31, and some are likely to close early on that day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PETER BERG—A square-shaped Sheetrock tunnel through which one is welcome to crawl. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

NIKI DE SAINT-PHALLE—Several of her blimplike, gaudily decorated Nanas; a papier-mâché penguin with bright insignia on his wings; and assorted graphics. Through Jan. 21. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

BUCKMINSTER FULLER—Fifty drawings covering as many years, some of them sketches for Fuller's cars, houses, and the geodesic dome. Through Jan. 14. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

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R. C. GORMAN—Sleek pastel and crayon drawings of Navajo women, mostly, by a full-blooded member of the tribe who incorporates both Mexican and Japanese influences into his style. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Clay, 1162 Madison Ave., at 86th St.)

BORIS MARGO—Abstract surreal paintings and works on paper, crowded with "organic," not to say visceral, forms reminiscent of the work being done around the same time (1934-47) by Gorky and Ernst. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

JOAN MITCHELL—Huge abstract paintings in deluges of color. Through Jan. 14. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

DARIO MORALES—Meticulously rendered female figures, most of them nude and all but one of them asleep. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

RICHARD PICCOLO—Women in repose by an artist now resident in Rome, where the hills and cypresses and architecture afford other subjects for his paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

ANNE RYAN (1889-1954)—Gently colored woodcuts—portraits, landscapes, interiors—done in the late forties by this versatile artist, best known now for her fragile collages. Through Friday, Jan. 6. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BURTON SILVERMAN—Portraits and figure studies. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St.)

OLIVER SMITH—A captivating display of the watercolors that set the tone for various stage productions he designed—"My Fair Lady," "West Side Story," "Camelot," "Hello, Dolly!," to name just a few of them. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Touchstone, 118 E. 64th St.)

ANDY WARHOL—Photography and silk screening are combined with the usual Warhol flourish in these portraits of ten star athletes, who posed either in their natural habitat (Muhammad Ali at a Pennsylvania training camp) or at Warhol's studio (Chris Evert before she won at Forest Hills last fall). Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Abstract paintings by six contemporary Ecuadorian artists. Through Jan. 22. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)... GRAHAM, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: British Pottery '77, a collection of elegant porcelain works by fifteen contemporary potters working in England. Through Jan. 21. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)... INGBER, 3 E. 78th St.: Kites made by Betty Parsons, Sidney Geist, Knox Martin, and others. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4.... NICHOLLS, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Helen Hokinson, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Jan. 28.... SAIDENBERG, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: The opening show in this gallery's new quarters includes many of the customary stars—Picasso, Klee, Léger, Masson, and so on. Through Friday, Dec. 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

KAREL APPEL—A flying fish about two and a half feel long, made of several layers of wood painted in wild colors and suspended from the ceiling, is a highlight in this show of new paintings, sculptures, and graphics. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

STANLEY BOXER—Abstract marble sculptures in which a sensuous finish is imparted to black stone from Belgium, veined stone from Vermont, and shimmering white Carrara from Italy. Through Thursday, Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

JOHN FERRO—The Constructivist quality of these steel, bronze, and terra-cotta sculptures is muted by their textured surfaces. Through Jan. 14. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOHN GUNDELFINGER—Small, drowsy-looking landscapes done in oil on paper; the settings are Bucks County and the Delaware Water Gap area. Through Jan. 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

MAXWELL HENDLER / ALAN SIEGEL—Watercolors by a California realist. / Painted-wood chairs loosely based on the human figure. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE (1898-1967)—Thirty-five paintings, all of top quality. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

JAMES MCGARRELL—A series of six disorderly allegorical paintings, in which the dominant theme seems to be sex, plus a dozen charcoal drawings. Through Thursday, Jan. 5. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD MCDERMOTT MILLER—Platoons of small bronze flying figures on slender rods fill the air in this gallery, like the *putti* tumbling around the edges of a Renaissance painting. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—A walk-in environment—nine feet tall and sixteen feet long, made up of wooden bannisters and finials and scrap baskets full of carpentry debris—which this artist has assembled with a touch of her magic wand, painted matte black, and entitled "Mrs. N's Palace." Also related works in the same medium. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

KENNETH NOLAND / HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Severe, emblematic-looking works—shaped canvases painted a solid tone and trimmed with colorful stripes at a couple of the edges. / Small black-and-white drawings, dated 1933-44, that include figures, landscapes, and seashore scenes. Through Jan. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

ED OATES—Tiny, temple-like constructions, five or six inches tall, made of synthetic stone and populated by fanciful creatures assembled from twigs, mouse skulls, beetle claws, mustache hairs, seed pods, and so on. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Small landscapes in and around Utica, many of them the views the artist sees from his own bedroom. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

LUDWIG SANDER (1906-75)—Charcoal drawings done over a period of a quarter of a century, beginning with back-yard realism, shifting into abstract patterns, returning to realism (some landscapes of the Rocky Mountains are particularly effective), and then back to abstraction again. Through Thursday, Jan. 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

RUFINO TAMAYO—New paintings, mostly of semi-abstract figures, done in hot, earthy colors by this dean of Mexican painters, who is seventy-eight years old. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

VIVIENNE THAUL WECHTER—Large abstract paintings in which the felicity of color is nicely balanced by the strength and interest of the overall design. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT WILSON—Furniture designed for one or another of his theatrical productions—mostly chairs of a certain bizarrerie. Through Jan. 10. (Multiples-Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

COLLAGE SURVEY—A benefit loan show of outstanding collages by twelve American artists, among them Romare Bearden, Arthur G. Dove, Anne Ryan, and Tom Wesselmann. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 4:30.)

AMERICAN PRIMITIVE ART—Naïve paintings, sculptures, and embroidery by Edward Hicks, Horace Pippin, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Jan. 28. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the DINTENFASS, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by Philip Evergood, Donald Sandstrom, and others. Through Friday, Dec. 30. ... HAMILTON, 20 W. 57th St.: Janet Stayton and John Willenbecher are among the artists whose works are being shown. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)... ZARRE, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by contemporary American colorists Perle Fine, Budd Hopkins, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

ROBERT BECHTLE / ALAN KESSLER—Hyperrealist paintings of California back yards by a painter who has a deadly eye for the banal. / What look like well-worn tools offered up at a barn sale—handsaws, files, hatchets, crowbars—are really hand-carved-and-painted wooden sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

MAUDE BOLTZ—Compositions consisting of a big cross of masking tape that divides a sheet of drafting cloth into four quarters, with a single, lesser cross in each of them. Through Jan. 11. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

GRACE GRAUPE-PILLARD / JUDITH SOLODKIN—Unequivocal and larger-than-life paintings of nudes. / Lithographed representations of ornamental frames—cartouches, really—edged on the inside with flanges of rainbow-like color. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

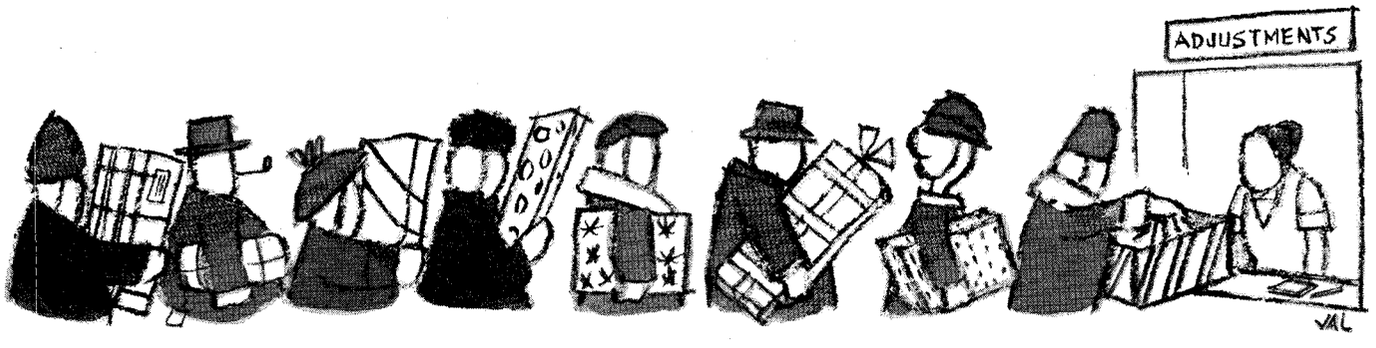
JIM NUTT—Carefully rendered but deliberately crude grotesqueries by one of the Chicago "Hairy Who" painters. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

PETER PLAGENS—Large works in which the central figure is an interrupted circle done in a bright color on a clear, light field. Through Jan. 12. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

THEODOROS STAMOS—Recent works by this veteran Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

CHLOE ZERWICK—Towers (ranging in size from two feet to eight) constructed of found objects (toothbrushes, padlocks, pinecones, beads) whose individuality is suppressed when seen in a uniform—black or white—color. Also boxes. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Vorpal, 465 West Broadway.)

TENTH STREET DAYS: THE CO-OPS OF THE 50's—A showing of more than a hundred and fifty works from the fifties, in a tribute by five artist-run galleries in SoHo (the downtown seedbed of the art world today) to their precursors on Tenth Street (the downtown seedbed of the art world in the fifties). The gal-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

leries and a sampling of the artists exhibited at each follows. At the ENO, 101 Wooster St.: Elaine de Kooning, Alice Neel, Leon Polk Smith. At the 14 SCULPTORS, 75 Thompson St.: Ronald Bladen, George Sugarman, Edward Clark. At the NOHO, 542 LaGuardia Pl.: Charles S. DuBack, Joseph Fiore, Bernard Langlais. At the PLEIADES, 152 Wooster St.: Pat Passlof, Tom Wesselmann, William King. At the WARD-NASSE, 178 Prince St.: Red Grooms. Eleanore Lockspeiser, Robert La Hotan. . . . ¶ At the LANDMARK, 469 Broome St.: Contemporary work by many of the same artists. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6.) All shows through Saturday, Jan. 7.

GROUP SHOWS—At THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: Thirty-nine people in the arts (Donald Barthelme, Mary Frank, James Stevenson among them) were asked by Joan Davidson, former chairman of the New York State Council on the Arts, to design postcards, and here are the designs. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Open Wednesday evenings until 9; closed Saturday, Dec. 31.). . . GREEN MOUNTAIN, 135 Greene St.: A lively showing of representational painting includes works by Lois Dodd, Don Nice, Alex Katz, and Sylvia Mangold. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4. (Opens at noon; closed Saturday, Dec. 31.) . . . HOLLY SOLOMON, 392 West Broadway: Portraits of themselves or their surrogates by twenty artists, including Eleanor Antin, who sketches scenes of her imaginary association with Diaghilev; Joe Zucker, who has an abstract painting of Merlin standing in for him; and Susan Hall, whose alter ego is nicely balanced on a circus high wire. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4.

OTHER GALLERIES

CYNTHIA CARLSON—A sculpture very much like the gingerbread house that Hansel and Gretel chanced upon, but emphatically not edible. Through Jan. 13. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Closed Saturdays.)

TONY ROSENTHAL—Eight thousand pounds of steel tubing are used in a sculpture that viewers can walk in and around. Through Jan. 27. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

MARGUERITE STIX (1907-75)—A retrospective exhibition of welded-steel and bronze sculptures, plus paintings and drawings. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. *Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.*)

NOTE: The exhibition space at 88 Pine Street, where Red Grooms' "Ruckus Manhattan" and Otto Piene's "Anemones" were shown in Christmases past, is now the scene of a walk-around-in environmental work embracing most of the arts. It is called "Butler's Lives of the Saints," and the concept is by the artist Ann Wilson, who has re-created, on a modified scale, the imposing stage setting that Gordon Craig designed for a 1912 production of "Hamlet" in Moscow. Evocative scrims have been added to this, and performances of music, dance, and drama are offered on the stage from time to time. Through Jan. 28. (*Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 3; Saturdays, noon to 4.*)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HERBERT BAYER—The Museum of Modern Art is showing photomontages and other works from the twenties and thirties by this Austrian-born graphic artist, once of the Bauhaus. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

PETER BEARD—Photographs of roaming African wildlife juxtaposed with those of slaughtered animals. Through Jan. 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Tuesdays until 8.)

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON (1815-79)—Portraits of, among others, Rossetti, Tennyson, Herschel, and Alice Liddell, plus soft-focus prints of young girls and women swathed in gauzy fabrics. Through Feb. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

PHILIPPE HALSMAN—More than seventy-five prints by a photographer who is credited with a hundred and one *Life* covers (about twenty-five of which are included in the exhibit). Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 31.)

DAVID HAMILTON—That sassy Bloomingdale's

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lingerie catalogue of a few months back was this photographer's doing. Much of his work here consists of almost painterly color photographs of women—some mistily draped, some not—in idealized poses and settings. Through Jan. 21. (Images, 11 E. 57th St. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

CHRISTOPHER MAKOS / MICHAEL GRAYSON LEVINE—These photographs (of fragments of a body, of a building, of the sky) are bizarrely exhibited—on the gallery floor underneath large sheets of Plexiglas. The viewer is invited to walk all over them. / Color prints—these mounted on the wall. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Foto, 492 Broome St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

EADWEARD MUYBRIDGE (1830-1904) / YOUSUF KARSH—Yosemite Valley prints plus animal-locomotion photographs. Through Jan. 29. / Portraits (what else?) of Winston Churchill, Georgia O'Keeffe, Hemingway, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 7. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

JOHN PHILLIPS—Photographs of the Arab-Israeli conflict in Jerusalem in 1948 (Phillips was on assignment for *Life*), and of fifty-one of the people who figure in those early pictures as they appear today. Through Feb. 27. (America-Israel Cultural Foundation, third floor, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.)

JERRY N. UELSMANN / FRANCIS BRUGUIÈRE (1879-1945)—Surrealistic multiple-image prints. / Forty vintage photographs, many of them abstract. Through Jan. 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAMES VAN DERZEE—A documentation of black American life that covers the years from 1907 to 1945. Through Friday, Jan. 6. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

FASHION PHOTOGRAPHY—At the BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway: A survey of fashion photography covering the last century. A hundred and fifty or so pictures make up the exhibit, with examples by Baron De Meyer, Irving Penn, and Deborah Turbeville, among others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . HARLOW, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: More than just photography here—there are prints and watercolors, too, by Sonia Delaunay, Erté, and others. Through Jan. 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOW—Photographs of sculptures (some of the sculptures themselves are also on exhibit): Mary Frank's disembodied terra-cotta figures as seen by Jerry Thompson, Rodin's Balzac as seen by Edward Steichen, and Elie Nadelman's draped bronzes as seen by W. Eugene Smith, plus other works. Through Jan. 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of about five hundred items in the costume collection that represent, for their time and place, the ne plus ultra in luxury, such as a pair of seventeenth-century French white-kid shoes embroidered in pastel-colored and metal-silk thread, and a Fortuny evening dress from this century trimmed with Venetian glass beads. . . . ¶ A loan show of Irish art dating from the Bronze Age to 1500 A.D. includes early-Christian metalwork (the Ardagh chalice, the Tara brooch, the Cross of Cong) and illuminated manuscripts (the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow). Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ The impact of the advent of Christianity on art forms is the concern of a show called "The Age of Spirituality," which brings together more than four hundred objects—plaques, tapestries, jewelry, manuscripts—of disparate styles and subjects. Through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ A show of prints, photographs, architectural and ornament drawings, and illustrated books acquired by the museum during the last five years. The range is vast—Dürer to Weegee. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An awesomely rich exhibit of Cézanne oils and watercolors, all of them from his last decade. Through Tuesday, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ An exhibit of collages and drawings by Jean Arp. Through March 5. . . . ¶ A show of Isamu Noguchi's sculpted tables and paper lamps. Through Friday, Jan. 6. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Herbert Bayer. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesday, Jan. 4, from 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9. On Wednesday, Dec. 28, the museum will open at 10.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by European artists (Braque, Dali, Klee, Moore) comprise a show, called "Forty Modern Masters," with which the museum salutes itself at the end of its fortieth year. Through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ A showing of nineteen additions to the museum's collections, all of them by Americans. Included are paintings by Joan Mitchell, Josef Albers, and Richard Diebenkorn, and works on paper by Arshile Gorky. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, Jan. 2, from 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Jasper Johns retrospective, filling two floors of the museum, reviews his singular targets, alphabets, flags, numbers, assemblages, and deified everyday objects like toothbrushes and beer cans. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Peasant Paintings from Huhsien County of the People's Republic of China," a show of eighty genre gouaches done by Chinese farmers in their spare time. Through Jan. 22. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: A survey of fashion photography. Through Jan. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5. Closed New Year's Day.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Peru's Golden Treasures," an exhibit of gold objects (masks, beakers, figurines, jewelry) that surveys nearly two thousand years of the pre-Columbian goldworking tradition. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ The new Hall of Reptiles and Amphibians has recently opened, and the inmates are hard to ignore, though stuffed: Komodo dragons, which are the biggest lizards in the world; a twenty-five-foot python; a fourteen-foot crocodile. Also New Mexican whiptail lizards, who reproduce themselves without benefit of males—another sock in the chops for machismo. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An Alexander Calder memorial exhibition made up of stabiles, mobiles, paintings, drawings, tapestries, rugs, jewelry, and kitchen implements. . . . ¶ Paintings by contemporary American artists which are being considered for purchase by the academy as gifts to museums. (Open daily, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Friday, Dec. 30.

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of objects from China's I-Hsing potteries (known chiefly for a widely imitated rust-colored unglazed teapot) dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except New Year's Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nearly four hundred objects from the museum's collection of decorative arts—textiles, wallpaper, furniture, ceramics—arranged in ways that point up their origins, function, techniques, and so forth. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

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Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A small, teasing sample of the recently acquired Heineman collection of literary, scientific, and musical manuscripts contains scores by Chopin, Mozart, and others, a letter from Napoleon to Josephine, and—the cornerstone of the collection—the January 13, 1898, copy of *L'Aurore* in which Zola wrote in defense of Dreyfus. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ More than a hundred seventeenth-century Dutch drawings (ten of them Rembrandts) on loan from the Institut Néerlandais, in Paris. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A display of books that have been enhanced by an inscription or drawing either by the author or simply by a reader; for example, James Thurber made thirteen pencil drawings in his first edition of Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa," and it is on view. Through March 5. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 31, from 10:30 to 5. Closes at 1 on Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to representations of dogs in such folk-art forms as pottery, needlework, furniture, and paintings. In one of the latter, of Brigham Young and his family, the two Young spaniels do every bit as well as the six Young children. Through April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5:30. Closes at 3 on Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of handcrafted objects, by craftsmen under thirty, in four mediums: fibre, wood, leather, and plastic. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of children's literature and illustrations that includes some original drawings for "The Wizard of Oz," a manuscript of Kate Greenaway's "Mother Goose," and a first edition of "Alice in Wonderland." Through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ "Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. (The library is open daily except Thursdays, Sundays, and Monday, Jan. 2. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Color photographs by Jim Payne of Ethiopian stone churches. . . . ¶ Sixty-two works by thirty black artists (Jacob Lawrence, Gordon Parks, Norman Lewis), who did them for government-sponsored projects in New York and Chicago in the thirties. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 8.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 28: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and James Morris; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 29: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Reri Grist, Tatiana Troyanos, Marius Rintzler, and Morley Meredith; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Grace Melzia Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, James McCracken, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 31: "La Traviata," with Maria Chiara, John Alexander, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 31: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mignon Dunn, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Wieslaw Ochman, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, and Ryan Edwards. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 3: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 4: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Reri Grist, Tatiana Troyanos, Marius Rintzler, Neil Shicoff, and Derek Hammond-Stroud; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 5: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Grace Melzia Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, James McCracken, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 6: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mignon Dunn, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Wieslaw Ochman, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, and Ryan Edwards. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan 7: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gwyneth Jones, Reri Grist, Tatiana Troyanos, Marius Rintzler, Neil Shicoff, and Derek Hammond-Stroud; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 7: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Viorica Cortez, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 7, at 1:30.)

The Play of Daniel—Performances of the twelfth-century musical drama produced by LaNoue Davenport and Toni Greenberg. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Jan. 6, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 7, at 5:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call 666-2833.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Klaus Tennstedt conducting performances of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony on Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 30, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8:30 (with Ruth Welting, soprano). . . . ¶ Rafael Kubelík conducting on Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 6, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 10, at 7:30 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano).

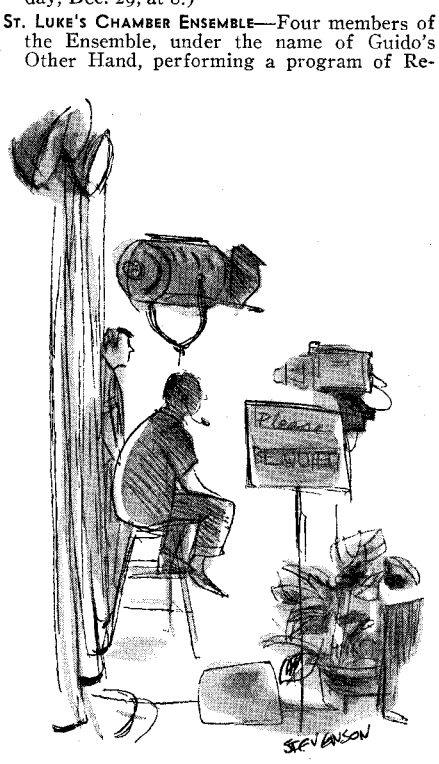
New York String Orchestra and Wind Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting the second of two concerts, this one an all-Mozart program, with Peter Serkin, piano. An hour before the concert, Mr. Schneider will conduct the Wind Ensemble in Dvořák's Serenade in D Minor. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing an all-Haydn program, with Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi, cello, and the Brooklyn Boys' Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3.)

RECITALS

Aeolian Chamber Players—A program of Brahms trios, with Dale Clevenger, horn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Four members of the Ensemble, under the name of Guido's Other Hand, performing a program of Renaissance music, with Peggy Pruett, soprano. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)



Olewsky Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

Piotr Paleczny—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

Gary Steigerwalt—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Eugene Fodor—Violin. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Walter Trampler, Laurence Lesser, and Lee Luvisi—Violin, viola, cello, and piano, playing Mendelssohn's three piano quartets. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Alsop-Bernstein Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Boro/Glin String Quartet—With Scott Nickrenz, viola, and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Igor Stravinsky Retrospective—A program of his music, performed by Continuum; Christine Radman, soprano; Sidney Johnson, tenor; Raymond Murcell, baritone; the New York String Quartet; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. New Orleans, Friday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Sunday, Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Jan. 3. . . . **Rutgers University Athletic Center,** Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Knicks, Thursday, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Jan. 6. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Dec. 31, at 7:35. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Saturday, Dec. 31, at 5. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Cleveland Barons, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Jan. 2, through Monday, May 22. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 7. . . . **Meadowlands:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31 (when there will be two programs, at 1 and 8). . . . **Laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Jan. 2. . . . **Bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Tuesday, Jan. 3, through Friday, March 17.

Tennis—Colgate Grand Prix Masters: Björn Borg, Eddie Dibbs, Brian Gottfried, Manuel Orantes, Raul Ramirez, Roscoe Tanner, Guillermo Vilas; and either Jimmy Connors or Phil Dent. (Madison Square Garden. Round-robin matches, Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 4-6, at 2 and 7; semifinal singles matches, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 11; final doubles matches, Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8; and final singles matches, Sunday, Jan. 8, at 2.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Jan. 9.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Prose Readings—The fourth annual non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by nearly a hundred tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Dec. 31, at noon, through mid-afternoon of Monday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.)

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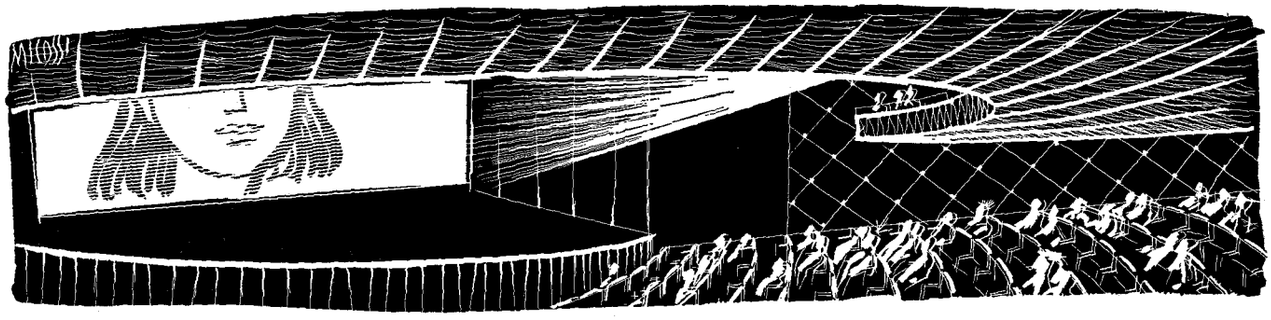
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Outrageous!"

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
"Heroes" and "The Sting."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"A Special Day."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The World's Greatest Lover."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Annie Hall."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Choirboys."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Lacemaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Iphigenia."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Semi-Tough."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Turning Point."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Padre Padrone."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Gauntlet."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The World's Greatest Lover."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Mr. Klein."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Goodbye Girl."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 3: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
From Jan. 4: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Equus."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Gauntlet."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Telefon."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Choirboys."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Short Eyes."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Which Way Is Up?"

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Telefon."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "A Special Day."
Theatre 2: "Equus."
Theatre 3: "Short Eyes."
Theatre 4: "Heart of Glass."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Summerdog."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Pete's Dragon."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"1900."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Rocky."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"High Anxiety."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The World's Greatest Lover."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Children of Theatre Street."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Oh, God!"

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
A two-week festival of Elvis Presley films—"Blue Hawaii," "Fun in Acapulco," "Girls! Girls! Girls!," "Paradise, Hawaiian Style," "King Creole," "G. I. Blues," and "Roustabout"—shown on a one-a-day schedule. For exact dates and times, our best advice is to phone the theatre.

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Which Way Is Up?"
Theatre 2: "The Gauntlet."
Theatre 3: "Telefon."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 29: "A Piece of the Action" and "Where's Poppa?"
From Dec. 30: "You Light Up My Life" and "Murder by Death."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 28: "Nibelungen Saga" (1924), a German silent film, in two parts ("Siegfried" and "Kriemhild's Revenge"), directed by Fritz Lang.
Dec. 29: "Follow the Fleet" (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard; and "The Gay Divorcée" (1934), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore.
Dec. 30-31: "Medea" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Maria Callas; and "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself.
Jan. 1-2: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Lili" (1953), directed by Charles Walters, with Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Kurt Kasznar.
Jan. 3: "Hoodlum Soldier" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura; and "The Sword of Doom" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Tatsuya Nakadai.
Jan. 4: "Chloé in the Afternoon" (†); and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976), in German, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.
Jan. 5: "The Sorrow and the Pity." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 28: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Dec. 29: "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey.
Dec. 30: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (†) and "The Thing." (†)
Dec. 31: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "Room Service" (1939), both films with the Marx Brothers.
Jan. 1: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.
Jan. 2: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Pierre Renoir.
Jan. 3: "Cleo from 5 to 7" (†) and "A Brief Vacation." (†)
Jan. 4: "Smile" (†) and "The Firemen's Ball." (†)
Jan. 5: "The Marriage Circle" (1924), directed by Ernst Lubitsch; and "The Shop Around the Corner." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 29: "Jabberwocky" (1977), directed by Terry Gilliam, with Michael Palin; "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."
Dec. 30-31: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Mr. Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.
Jan. 1-2: "Help!" (1965), directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles; "Yellow Submarine" (1968), directed by George Dun-

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ning, a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles; and "Let It Be" (1970), directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, with the Beatles.
Jan. 3: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Jan. 4-5: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 31: "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Mr. Howard and Wendy Hiller.
Jan. 1-2: "The 400 Blows" (†) and "Shoe-Shine." (†)
Jan. 3-4: "Odd Man Out" (†) and "Dead of Night." (†)
From Jan. 5: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "La Strada." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Dec. 29: "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne; and "Alice Adams" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Ann Shoemaker, Fred Stone, and Frank Albertson.
Dec. 30-31: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro; and "Murmur of the Heart." (†)
Jan. 1-3: "Henry V" (†) and "As You Like It." (†)
Jan. 4-5: "Le Million" (†) and "Under the Roofs of Paris." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 28: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.
Dec. 29-30: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.
Jan. 2-3: "King Kong" (†) and "It Came from Outer Space." (†)
Jan. 4: "Huckleberry Finn" (1931), directed by Norman Taurog, with Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green; and "Tom Sawyer" (1930), directed by John Cromwell, with Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green.
Jan. 5: "Diabolique" (†) and "Panique." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 28 at 2:30: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michael Sacks. ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: "Show Boat" (1936), directed by James Whale, with Irene Dunne, Allan Jones, Helen Morgan, and Paul Robeson. ¶ Dec. 29 at 2:30: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923), directed by Wallace Worsley, with Lon Chaney, Ernest Torrence, and Patsy Ruth Miller. ¶ Dec. 29 at 6: "Show Boat" (1936). ¶ Dec. 29 at 8:30: "Show Boat" (1929), directed by Harry Pollard, with Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, and Alma Rubens. ¶ Dec. 30 at 2:30: "Two-Lane Blacktop" (1971), directed by Monte Hellman, with James Taylor and Warren Oates. ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "As You Like It" (1936), directed by Paul Czinner, with Laurence Olivier and Elisabeth Bergner. ¶ Dec. 31 at noon: "Lost Flight" (1969), directed by Leonard Horn, with Lloyd Bridges, Anne Francis, and Ralph Meeker. ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Sweet Charity" (1968), directed by Bob Fosse, with Shirley MacLaine, John McMartin, and Ricardo Montalban. ¶ Jan. 1 at 2:30: "A Countess from Hong Kong" (1967), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. ¶ Jan. 1 at 5: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. ¶ Jan. 2 at noon: A program of eight UPA cartoons. ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "Play Misty for Me" (1971), directed by Clint Eastwood, with Mr. Eastwood and Jessica Walter. ¶ Jan. 2 at 6: "Sometimes a Great Notion" (1971), directed by Paul Newman, with Mr. Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick. ¶ Jan. 3 at noon: A program of eight UPA cartoons. ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: "Le Corbeau" (1943), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Pierre Fresnay; no English subtitles. ¶ Jan. 3 at 6: "A Countess from Hong Kong." ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30: "The Sting" (1974), directed by George Roy Hill, with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw. ¶ Jan. 5 at 6: "There's Always Tomorrow" (1934), directed by Edward Sloman, with Frank Morgan, Binnie Barnes, and Lois Wilson. ¶ Jan. 5 at 8:30: "There's Always Tomorrow" (1956), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Joan Bennett. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 1: "Script" (1974) and "Six Colorful Inside Jobs" (1977), both films by John Baldessari. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. ¶ Starting Jan. 3: "City Archives" (1977) and "Out of the Body Travel" (1976), videotapes by Richard Foreman. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Rainer, Baillie, Clair, Daren, Dreyer, and others. Showings Dec. 28 at 7 and 10; Dec. 29 at 7 and 9:30; Dec. 30 at 7 and 10; Dec. 31 at 2:30 and 8; and Jan. 3-5 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of eight short films under the title "The Re-structured Image." Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Eastside Cinema.)

As You Like It (1936)—Shakespeare cleaned up and made rather too respectably lighthearted, but this is by no means a contemptible production. As Rosalind, Elisabeth Bergner, a gamine to her fingertips and one of the great theatrical technicians specializing in heartbreaking charm, can't resist being more adorably mischievous than is absolutely necessary, but she's an actress to see. She's a little handicapped by her German accent, which dims the sparkle of some of her lines, but never for a moment does one think of her as Fräulein Rosalind. The young Laurence Olivier is triumphantly angelic as that amorous, brooding goof Orlando. With Henry Ainley, Sophie Stewart, Mackenzie Ward, and Leon Quartermaine. Directed by Bergner's husband, Paul Czinner, who—as in his movie versions of operas—never really seems to get the hang of the medium. (Thalia; Jan. 1-3.)

A Brief Vacation (1975)—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful, beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 3.)

The Children of Theatre Street—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Cinema Studio.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 4.)

The Choirboys—Based on the Joseph Wambaugh novel, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

Cleo from 5 to 7 (1962)—One of the few films directed by a woman in which the viewer can sense a difference. The story is about the moods of a beautiful, chic popular singer (Corinne Marchand) during the two hours she waits to find out if she has cancer. Childish and fearful, she consults her horoscope and goes to a fortune-teller; she buys a hat; she rehearses a song; she cries. And throughout, the director, Agnès Varda, sustains an unsentimental yet subjective tone that is almost unique in the history of movies. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 3.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

Dead of Night (1946)—Civilized five-part movie about the supernatural, with several classic episodes. The most celebrated: Michael Redgrave as a schizophrenic ventriloquist tormented by his dummy (directed by Cavalcanti); Googie Withers and Ralph Michael in the story of a mirror that reflects a crime of an earlier century (directed by Robert Hamer). Redgrave's overpowering performance—a small work of art—lifts the movie above the elegant, sophisticated entertainment it aspired to be. (Regency; Jan. 3-4.)

Diabolique (1955)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's grisly horror thriller set in a provincial school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse), his wife (Vera Clouzot), and his mistress (Simone Signoret) work together and at cross-purposes to reduce their number by a third. Scary, but so calculatedly sensational that it's rather revolting. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 5.)

Equus—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (11/7/77) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema.)

The Firemen's Ball (1967)—A Czech comedy considered by some to be a minor masterpiece. A small-town firemen's ball is held, ostensibly to award a hatchet to a retiring fire chief but also as an occasion for a beauty contest, a raffle, and an all-purpose celebration. Directed by Miloš Forman, with a feeling for parody and gentle slapstick, from a script that Ivan Passer had a hand in. Sample gag: an old man sits in a chair in the snow facing his house, which is burning; his neighbors, considerate of his feelings, turn the chair around, and then, fearing he'll catch cold, move the chair closer to the fire. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 4.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Regency; Jan. 1-2.)

The Gauntlet—With Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, and Pat Hingle; directed by Mr. Eastwood. (Columbia I, U. A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Goodbye Girl—With Richard Dreyfuss and Marsha Mason, directed by Herbert Ross. (Loews Tower East.)

Heart of Glass—Directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Quad Cinema.)

Henry V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Thalia; Jan. 1-3.)

Heroes—With Henry Winkler, Sally Field, and Harrison Ford; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (St. Marks Cinema.)

High Anxiety—With Mel Brooks, Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, and Harvey Korman; directed by Mr. Brooks. (Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. With Carolyn Jones, and Sam Peckinpah (who worked on the script) in a few bits. Directed by Don Siegel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 30.)

Iphigenia—With Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. In Greek. (Plaza.)

It Came from Outer Space (1953)—Sci-fi set in the Arizona desert, originally from Ray Bradbury. A spaceship lands and buries itself in the desert, and starts mysteriously to change people's characters. Good stuff about personality takeover, which is one of the metaphysical preoccupations of S.F. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 2-3.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Cinema I.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 2-3.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Waverly, and New Yorker.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Paris.)

Le Million (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a

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comedy move with such delicate inevitability. With Annabella. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 4-5.)

Mr. Klein—With Alain Delon and Jeanne Moreau, directed by Joseph Losey. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Murder by Death (1976)—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (6/28/76) (Olympia; starting Dec. 30.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 30-31.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Festival.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as the wounded Irish rebel stumbling through the streets of Belfast looking for refuge. An extraordinary film with memorable moments, despite some inflated ideas in the script. Carol Reed directed, and did a fine job. (Regency; Jan. 3-4.)

Oh, God!—George Burns as God, and John Denver as a supermarket assistant manager chosen to be a modern-day Moses. Directed by Carl Reiner. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Art.)

Padre Padrone—The Taviani brothers, who wrote and directed this film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—how he struggled for words. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic. And the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric; their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. Winner of the Golden Palm at Cannes, 1977, also the International Critics' Prize. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Cinema II.)

Panique (1947)—Julien Duvivier's psychological thriller is a devastatingly effective job of visual storytelling. Michel Simon is the stranger in a Paris suburb who is framed for murder; Viviane Romance and her lover, Paul Bernard, are the ones who trap him. The sordid, intriguingly nasty movie—taken, inevitably, from a Simenon novel—has some pretensions toward being a parable of sadistic injustice; on that level, it can't be taken very seriously. But in terms of how the sequences are planned, and how they build, it's an unusual, near-perfect piece of film craftsmanship. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 5.)

Pete's Dragon—From the Disney studios, with Helen Reddy, Jim Dale, and Mickey Rooney. Directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall.)

A Piece of the Action—With Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, and James Earl Jones; directed by Mr. Poitier. (Olympia; through Dec. 29.)

Rocky (1976)—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. He's amazing to watch: there's bull-necked energy in him, smoldering, and in his deep caveman's voice he gives the most surprising, sharp, fresh shadings to his lines. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Playboy.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976 *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Semi-Tough—Starting from Dan Jenkins' popular 1972 novel, an anecdotal burlesque about professional football players, the director Michael Ritchie and the screenwriter Walter Bernstein made a movie that's a loose series of riffs on the human-potential, consciousness-raising movement, with the two football stars (Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson) involved in a romantic comedy triangle with the team owner's daughter (Jill Clayburgh). The film ambles along in a sunshiny, woozy, hit-or-miss way. Ritchie has an offhand visual slapstick sense, and he supplies about twenty minutes of funny bits that you catch out of the corner of your eye; with that and Reynolds' polished good-ol'-boy Cary Grant performance, the movie is like a low-grade fever—you slip in and out of it painlessly. (12/12/77) (Baronet.)

Shoe-Shine (1946)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric study of how two boys betrayed by society betray each other and themselves. It has a sweetness and a simplicity that suggest greatness of feeling, and this is so rare in films that to cite a comparison one searches beyond the medium. If Mozart had written an opera set

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in poverty, it might have had this kind of painful beauty. The two young shoeshine boys sustain their friendship and their dreams amid the apathy of postwar Rome, but they are destroyed by their own weaknesses and desires when they're sent to prison for black-marketeering. Cesare Zavattini wrote this study of the corruption of innocence; it is a social-protest film that rises above its purpose. In Italian. (Regency; Jan. 1-2.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Close to perfection—one of the most beautifully acted and paced romantic comedies ever made in this country. It is set in the enclosed world of the people who work together in a small department store; Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are the employees who bicker with each other, and in no other movie has this kind of love-hate been made so convincing. Their performances are full of grace notes; when you watch later James Stewart films, you may wonder what became of this other deft, sensitive pre-drawling Stewart. Samson Raphaelson adapted the play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Budapest, the director, Ernst Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone. With Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, William Tracy, and Inez Courtney. (A later, lesser version starred Judy Garland and Van Johnson.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 5.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema.)

Smile (1975)—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. A cousin to "Lord Love a Duck," the film is an affectionate satirical salute to the square; though we laugh at the gaffes of the rawboned teen-age girls, the laughter isn't cruel. Bruce Dern plays the chief judge, a booster who talks in homilies that express exactly how he feels; he's a donkey, but he doesn't have a mean bone in his body. With Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 4.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 5.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (10/17/77) (Gramercy, and Quad Cinema.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (72nd Street East; through Jan. 3.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (St. Marks Cinema.)

La Strada (1954)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. In Italian. (Regency; starting Jan. 5.)

Summerdog—A city family on vacation finds a dog (thus the title) and brings it home. A G-rated film, with James Congdon and Elizabeth Eisenman, directed by John Clayton. (Guild.)

Telefon—With Charles Bronson, Lee Remick, Donald Pleasence, and Tyne Daly; directed by Don Siegel. (Loews Ciné, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She claims to love him but says, "If I gave in, you wouldn't love me anymore." In this fifth movie version of "La Femme et le Pantin," Pierre Louÿs' short novel about a femme fatale, the role is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, poker-faced except for a squint of amusement and a foxy, crooked smear of a smile, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl, who's physically impulsive, and sensual in a traditional heavy-eyed way. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning; perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. Buñuel sets up the Louÿs story, then treats it glancingly—as a joke to hang other jokes on—and his jokes now don't have the violence underneath to make connections for us. His style is too serene for his subject. In French. (12/19/77) (Columbia II.)

The Thing (1951)—Written by Charles Lederer and directed by Christian Nyby, about a belligerent and extremely brainy visitor from another planet who arrives at the North Pole in a flying saucer. The interplanetary guest is absolutely colossal, vegetable in anatomy, and hard to put up, let alone put up with. Quite well acted, and written in a funny pseudo-scientific style that sends up laboratory jargon. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 30.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 4-5.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Olympia; through Dec. 29.)

Which Way Is Up?—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The World's Greatest Lover—With Gene Wilder, Carol Kane, and Dom DeLuise; directed by Mr. Wilder. (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Paramount.)

You Light Up My Life—If the producer-director-writer, Joseph Brooks, had written a script with a few more strands woven into it, he wouldn't have had to overwork the gamine vulnerability of his star, Didi Conn. The single plot thread has her trying to break away from a career as a comic, which her borscht-belt comedian father (Joe Silver) shoved her into in childhood, and find her own way as a composer-singer-actress. The movie is both amateurish and slick—it oozes heart. The scenes go on too long, and there isn't enough in them—they're stretched out with closeups of the heroine grinning or singing (though she's dubbed by Kasey Cisyk)—yet it's all so unabashedly on her side that many in the audience (young girls, especially) seem to respond happily. Stephan Nathan is amusingly relaxed as the fiancé born to be jilted; with Melanie Mayron and Michael Zaslow. (Olympia; starting Dec. 30.)

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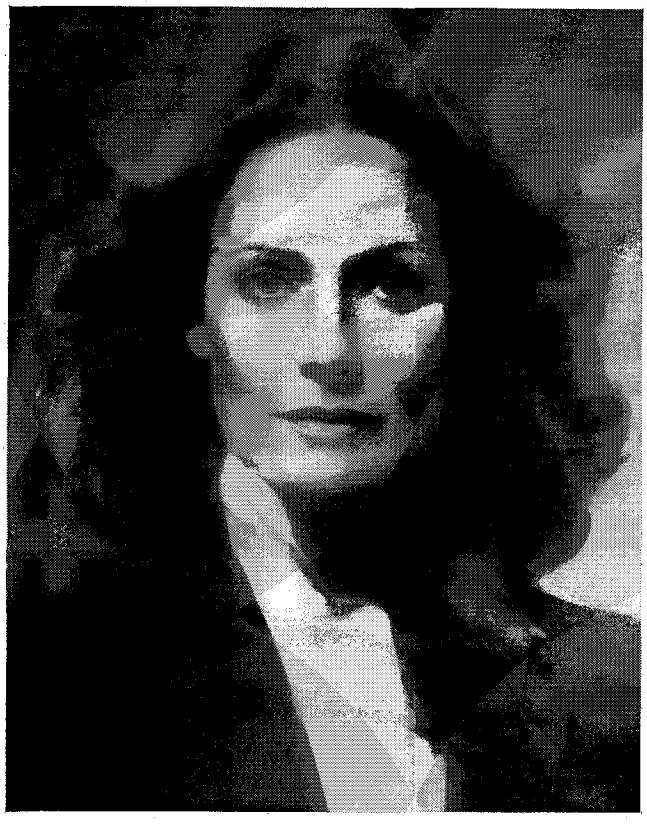

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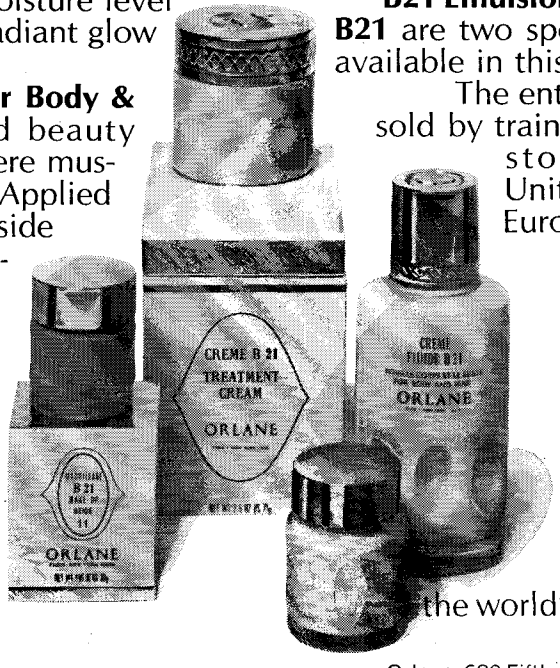

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON a gloomy morning last week—it was around six o'clock, and the yellow-orange street lights were preserving upper Columbus Avenue in an eerie holding pattern; the sky above the buildings was noncommittal (rain was predicted)—an old man with white hair and, over a stubbly chin, a dead cigar stump stuck in a mouth that had few, if any, teeth was sitting serenely on a rust-colored Dellwood milk crate in front of a closed supermarket, gazing around. He was bundled up in sweaters, his cane leaned against the wall of the store, and at his feet were three shopping bags stuffed with God knows what. Among the cars parked overnight at the curb was a station wagon full of kettledrums. A block north, a man was carefully polishing his car in the odd light. Across the street, a man went racing down the sidewalk on a bicycle with a mop attached to the frame; the mop flew out behind his head like a gray flag. Otherwise, things were very quiet. The old man on the milk crate suddenly began to sing, in a carefree tone, a song called "Together, Wherever We Go."

> Wher*ever* we go,
> What*ever* we do . . .

Presently, a big Dellwood truck pulled up; the old man stopped singing and began chatting with the deliveryman, who was unloading crates of milk. Then something caught his eye: a tall, skinny man, with trousers that ended just below the knee, loping across Columbus Avenue half a block away. "Leon! Hey, Leon!" the old man called, waving and beckoning. The tall man indicated that he was far too busy to be interrupted at the moment but that he would return shortly. The old man's attention turned back to the Dellwood man. They exchanged amenities; the pile of milk crates grew taller and taller, and was topped off with boxes of eggs. Abruptly, the man with the abbreviated trousers came springing down the sidewalk. He talked briefly but animatedly with the old man, and then, as if by agreement—perhaps long-standing—he picked up one of the man's shopping bags and went bouncing away with it. The old man watched his departure for a while, then turned back to the deliveryman. "Leon's strange," he said, "but he's a nice guy."

• •

Wien, Wien . . .

ONE of the guests at a private party at the Café Fanny, on the ground floor of the Biltmore Hotel, the night before it opened for business was E. M. Frimbo. We turn you over to him:

I have always been fond of living in railway hotels, which are scarce in this country but rather more plentiful abroad. There is even one annexed to the station in Kuala Lumpur, the capital city of Malaysia. This is one that the British, in the days when Malaysia was part of the Federated Malay States, built with true Oriental opulence, topped by more minarets than you could count on the feet of a centipede. I was last there to attend the opening of the first Kentucky Fried Chicken in Malaysia—but I'd rather not go into that. The Biltmore has since the day the cornerstone was laid, in the early teens of this century, been a railway hotel of some renown, standing over the right-of-way of the New York & Harlem, which eventually became part of the New York Central, which eventually became part of the financial catastrophe known as the Penn Central. I have always had a proprietary interest in the Biltmore, having been for many years a shareholder in the New York & Harlem—not a bad investment, since shareholders were guaranteed a ten-per-cent dividend for four hundred and one years. Ah, me! The Biltmore was probably the most social railway hotel in the world when John McEntee Bowman, who was deeply involved in the annual National Horse Show, presided over it. I slept many a night there, and downed many a brandy Alexander, mostly in the rooftop supper club, where such young ladies as Jane Pickens, of the Pickens Sisters, sang—I described her in my memoirs as "pretty slim Pickens." There was also the Bowman Room, for dinner dancing, and there was the honorable custom of tea-ing and trysting under the celebrated clock in the lobby.

Hotels, like the rest of us, must swing with the times, and when Prohibition was imposed upon us—this was when I really began to dislike the concept of minority rule—the Biltmore had to start converting bars and such into shopfronts. James Farley came to the rescue of the Biltmore and of my investment when, as Postmaster General under Franklin Delano Roosevelt, he engineered Repeal. Some of the Biltmore's shopfronts then disappeared in favor of a splendid enterprise on the corner of Madison and Forty-third called the Men's Bar. It must have been the most soft-spoken lunching place in midtown Manhattan, and it was certainly one of the most nourishing. Naturally, adjustment was in order during the Second World War, and for the specified meatless days the chef produced what I considered his greatest handiwork—eggplant steak, a vast three-inch-thick slab of this ad-

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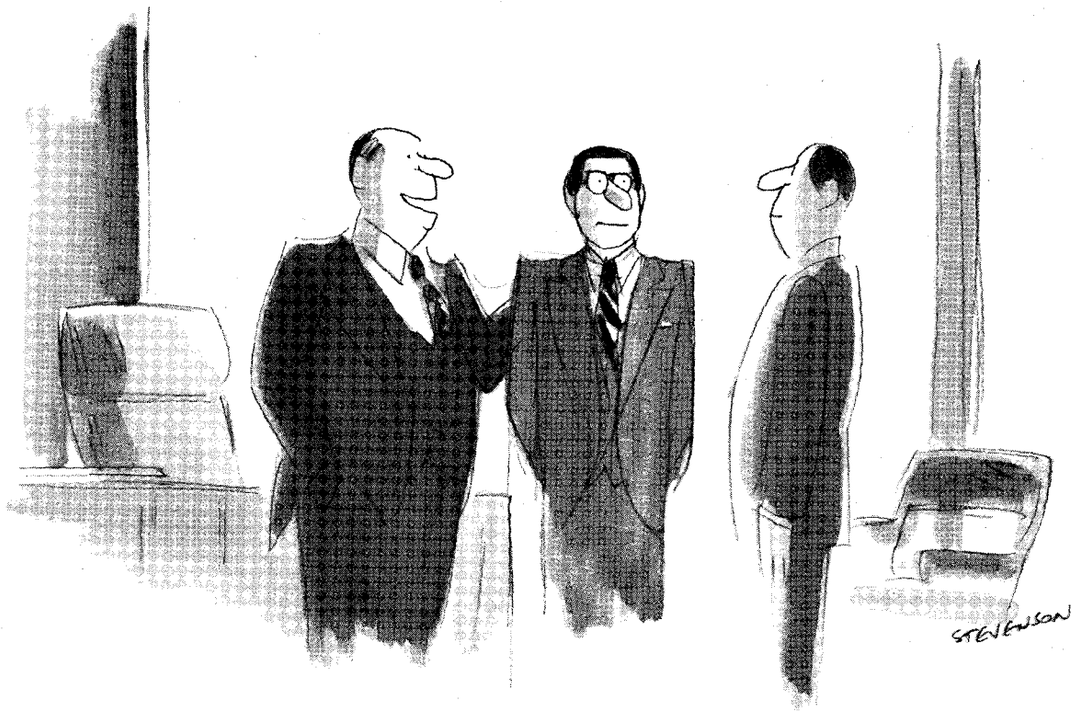

"You know how I always scrawl in the margin 'Check this with Harold'? This is Harold."

• •

mirable vegetable gently broiled, and seasoned with a great panoply of Italian herbs. Then another swing of the times: the trains to Chicago, the trains to San Francisco and Los Angeles, even to Mexico City, that ran out of Grand Central Terminal, of which the Biltmore is an appendage, began to disappear, and the convenience of the Biltmore, a hotel beloved by all us incessant railway travellers, began to dwindle, too. Next came the ascent of women's lib and the notion that any institution blatantly labelled "Men's Bar" must be done away with. So a year or more ago there was a last supper for the assembled gentlemen, and the Bar's forty-two-year career came to an end.

I head up a committee called Concerned Diners, and we were preparing a delegation to the legislature in Albany, its purpose to propose legislation setting up a state commission to designate landmark restaurants that must not be closed, when I learned that the Men's Bar was to be recommissioned in an entirely new costume, and that George Lang, a Hungarian-born restaurateur of grand repute, was to involve himself. The net result is the Café Fanny, which looks like, and is delicately scented like, the sort of age-old brasserie I am fond of frequenting when I arrive on the Donau Kurier at the Westbahnhof in Vienna. The dark woodwork, the pink-shaded brass sconces, the black-and-white checkerboard marble floor, and the hardwood floor of the slightly raised gallery that runs around three sides of the Café Fanny all represent a bit of a homecoming to me. And so does the menu, carefully captioned "Vorspeisen," "Salate," "Kaltes Buffet," and "Schnitzel Spezialitäten," *und so weiter*. "Sandwiches," murmured a young lady whom up to that moment I had thought quite—well, appetizing. "What is the Austrian word for sandwich?" she inquired, and on that double error she was sent to the showers.

It was the only untoward incident of the evening. There was music, mostly strings, and there *will be* music—violin and piano every weeknight at dinnertime. Breakfast at seven, and so on till midnight, every day of the week. There was, and there will be, pastry of devastating variety—all available, of course, *mit Schlag*. And Austrian white wines—Kremser Rosenhügler and the like—and an Austrian beer, Gösser, and all the Viennese coffees. The waiters, in their black vests and big white aprons, are another familiar touch. And why Café Fanny? Fanny Elssler was a Viennese ballerina of the mid-nineteenth century, who, the contemporary press said, took New York "by storm" in 1840, some years ahead of my arrival. George Lang told me at the party that, since all Viennese coffeehouses are named after characters, he had originally thought of naming the room the Café Augustin, after "O, du lieber Augustin," who is believed to have existed—to have been a singer-composer-poet who sang in the coffeehouses for free meals and was a friend of everyone. But the hotel people, who wanted a feminine name, and who had been doing a lot of research, came up with Fanny Elssler. She was a familiar character to Lang, because when he was a little boy in Hungary his parents had a porcelain figurine of her in their dining room. I feel that the Café Fanny, like another old favorite of mine, the Oyster Bar, is a big boost for the renaissance of the Grand Central Terminal Complex.

The Team

ONE recent evening, the West Tenth Street, East Tenth Street, East Eleventh Street, and Upper West Thirteenth Street Block Associations held a testimonial and reception at the Maison Française of New York University for Sergeant Robert Crowley, who had just retired from the New York City Police Department, and who for the last six and a half years had served as the Commander of the Sixth Precinct Neighborhood Police Team, a unit that has special responsibility for an area bounded by Broadway on the east, Eighth Street on the south, Sixth Avenue on the west, and Fourteenth Street on the north. The formation of the Team, in June of 1971, coincided with, and to a considerable extent caused, a sudden flourishing of block associations in the neighborhood, all of which proceeded to work in close coördination with the Team to reduce crime in the area. And, in fact, in the two years following the establishment of the Team the number of arrests almost doubled and the number of major crimes—among them murder, rape, robbery, and burglary—was cut in half. Thereafter, the amount of crime increased slightly, but it remained far be-

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low the pre-1971 figures. The testimonial to Sergeant Crowley thus marked the conclusion of a long and successful collaboration.

The Maison Française is a two-story house at the west end of the Washington Mews, the carless street that runs from Fifth Avenue to University Place just north of Washington Square, and we arrived there around half past five, as the testimonial was getting under way. We found ourself in a large, warmly lit, comfortable room with a crowd of eighty or ninety people, which, we gradually discovered, was composed in roughly equal parts of block-association members from the neighborhood, policemen—they ranged in rank from Police Commissioner Michael J. Codd down to several patrolmen from the Neighborhood Team—and friends of Sergeant Crowley, many of them from Massapequa, Long Island, where Sergeant Crowley lives. His wife, Agnes, and a son, Terrence, age seventeen, were also present. Wine and cheese were being served at a table in one corner. The policemen, the Village block activists, and the family and friends were mixing easily and talking freely, without any of the aimless wandering about, stiff silences, or shouted conversations that characterize so many semi-public gatherings in New York City. At the center of the room, spinning around almost continually to greet, and often to embrace, his admirers, was Sergeant Crowley, a tallish, handsome man in a pin-striped blue suit, with a fluid, easygoing manner, who had a melancholy cast to his features but also had a charming smile, which was now appearing frequently. A current of strong emotion flowed through the room.

We were introduced to two policemen who worked under Sergeant Crowley on the Neighborhood Team—Police Officer Frank Monahan, a young man with a pale face and a mustache who was wearing a gray suit with belled trousers, and Police Officer Richard Castro, a stocky man who was wearing an open shirt and, over that, a black garment that wasn't another shirt but wasn't quite a jacket, either. We asked the two officers how they liked working on the Team.

"We volunteered for it," Officer Monahan said. "The Team made it easier to meet people in the neighborhood on a friendly basis. The Team members are encouraged to go into stores on their beats and get to know the people there. Without that, you only meet people in stress situations. Like in robberies."

"We get to know people on a first-name basis," Officer Castro said. "Like Annie Silverman, over there. I just call her Annie." He beckoned to a young woman with short dark hair, and she came over to join in our conversation.

"At the beginning, I didn't trust cops at all," Miss Silverman told us. "I was a sixties person. But when I became president of the West Tenth Street Block Association I got to know the men on the Team. Bob Crowley gave us so much extra time and extra effort—and, most of all, encouragement. 'You can do it, Annie,' he would say. I discovered that the police are human beings. They are *so beautiful*. I mean, they are people, just like you and me."

Monahan and Castro seemed pleased to hear this but a little unsure how to respond to it. They remained silent.

Miss Silverman was speaking with considerable vehemence, and she went on to disclose the fact that she was now a policeman herself—or, to be precise, an auxiliary policewoman. "Look at this," she said, pulling a color photograph out of a wallet. It showed her in full uniform, including helmet, on the back of a horse, and wearing a bright smile.

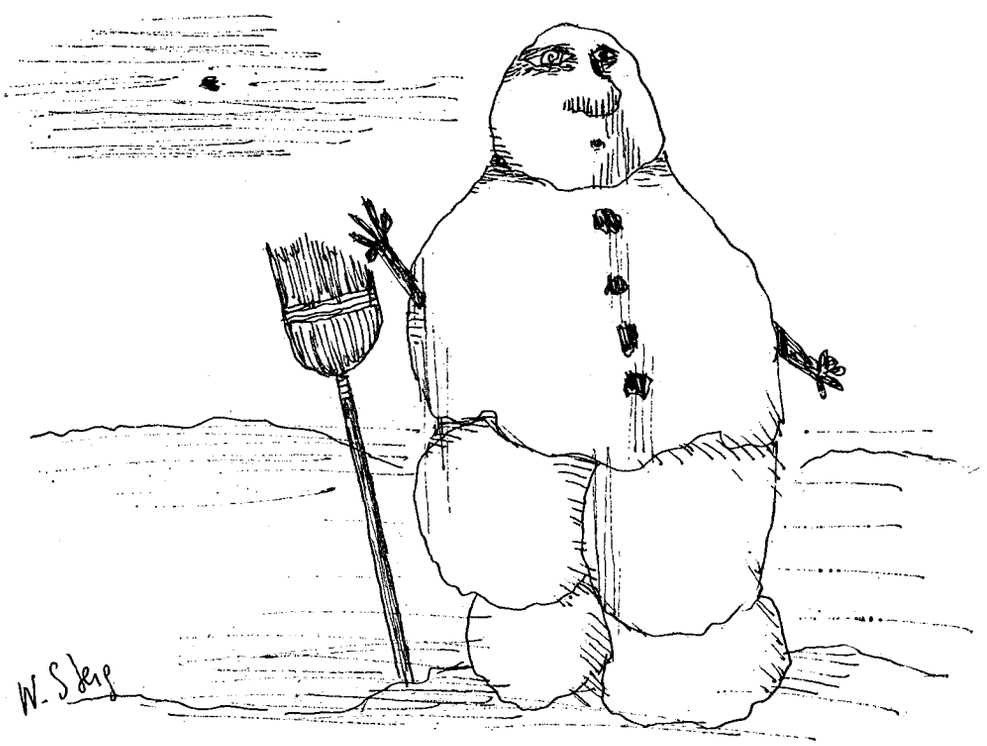
The award ceremony was conducted by Gerard George, president of the East Tenth Street Block Association. He began it by introducing Commissioner Codd, who is a man of physically huge proportions. The Commissioner addressed the group with a simple, dignified demeanor in which something seemed to remain of the almost sleepy taciturnity of a policeman on the beat; he spoke of Sergeant Crowley as a "wonderful" man, and wished him well in the future. There was applause, followed by further testimonials—from Deputy Inspector Edward Walsh, who had recently served as commanding officer of the Sixth Precinct; from Annie Silverman and other community leaders; and from State Assemblyman William Passannante, who represents the district—and then Sergeant Crowley thanked all those who had thanked him, and also thanked his wife and his son, adding that Terrence had got a haircut for the occasion. "That must be love," Crowley observed.

After the ceremony, we sat down with Sergeant Crowley and asked him to tell us something about his experiences as the leader of the Sixth Precinct Neighborhood Police Team.

"I'm in a semi-euphoric state," he told us. "The main thing was that the people—the people you see here tonight and the other people in the neighborhood—responded. I can't say that enough. We had a relationship based on warmth, honesty, and truth."

We asked how the Neighborhood Teams had got going.

"The idea was to give police units in the neighborhoods the latitude to do what was needed for that particular neighborhood, and to establish contact



The Snowman Realizes Who He Is

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with the community," Sergeant Crowley said. "The Teams were widespread throughout the city in the early nineteen-seventies, but now the number has been greatly cut back. In the period before the Teams were started, the police stood off from the community—especially here in the Village. There was that *gap*. Up to that time, equal coverage was given to all areas in a precinct, but under the new Neighborhood Team plan the police could be concentrated where the crime was heaviest. For instance, our neighborhood had twenty-six per cent of the crime in the precinct, so our Team was assigned twenty-six per cent of the patrolmen. Until then, the trend had been toward mobility—patrol cars. The police number, 911, had an epidemic of calls—as many as eighteen thousand a day in 1971. Some months now, there are even more. Foot patrols couldn't respond to them all, and patrol cars had to be sent. But men in patrol cars could not get to know the neighborhoods easily, and the whole facelessness thing grew out of that.

"When we got the Team established, the first thing we did was to stuff mailboxes. We wrote a letter describing the Team and sent it to every resident. Then I went to the management of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and got their permission to set up a desk in the lobby at night, so people could come in and ask questions. We advertised the desk in *The Villager*. The next thing we did was to have the patrolmen introduce themselves to all the people in the stores on their blocks. For a policeman, getting to know the people in the neighborhood develops his territorial imperative. He develops great personal pride in protecting his people. And as soon as we had got to know the people, I realized that the people were going to be a tremendous source of intelligence for us.

"Because we were in charge of an area that was small enough, we could analyze very specifically the types of crime that were going on. Let me give you an example. We noticed a large rise in thefts from autos—eight hundred and nineteen between June of 1970 and June of 1971. Now, where do people park their cars? On the side streets, right? Where their homes are. But throughout New York City most patrols have always been on avenues—traditionally, the patrols move north and south. We took the patrols off the avenues and put them on the side streets, where the crime was. And the thefts from autos were down to a hundred and three for 1974. Burglaries from homes were also down, by about one-third. Crime in the rest of the city was skyrocketing, but we were going the other way. There was a lot of mugging, too, around this time. Together with the block associations, we developed the Block Watchers' program, which is now in use in many parts of the city. A retired gentleman—Mr. Charles Morgan, of Ninth Street—gave me the idea. He has many interests, but he also just likes to sit on the stoop and keep an eye on things—he's very bright and alert. We went and asked people to register to look out of the window. We put together an enormous amount of information. Then we published some of it in the block-association newsletters, and people got some idea of what to watch for and how to prevent crimes. I'm a great believer in descriptions. For instance, I think that a mugger is very likely to have only one coat. And only one pair of shoes. He may have two shirts and two pairs of pants, but the coat and the shoes will always be the same ones. Once, in 1973, a young man mugged several women in the neighborhood but did it very gently. He approached with a knife, took their money, and then apologized and gave them a kiss. Through our network of information, we learned that he had taps on his shoes. One day, a fellow with a plastic gun was brought into the precinct. I thought, Something is strange here, but I don't know what. Then I heard it—click, click. The taps. We brought in several victims, who identified him as the mugger; he was arrested, prosecuted, and convicted."

We asked Sergeant Crowley what had happened to the Team in the last year or two.

"It was being nibbled away. Some very hard decisions about manpower had to be made—I'm not saying I would have necessarily made them differently—and the Team was the loser. I lost my flexibility, and I decided that it was time to move on to something else—what, I still don't know."

Speech

SINCE assuming office last January, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the junior senator from New York, has tried to get back to his home state about twice a month, usually for a one- or two-day visit. Not long ago, Senator Moynihan decided to spend four consecutive days in New York City, during which he planned to speak before a meeting of the American Apparel Manufacturers Association, to hold a press conference, to attend a meeting of the Democratic State Committee, to go to a reception held by the Municipal Art Society, to address a banquet given by the United Jewish Appeal, to appear on the WCBS-TV program "Newsmakers," and to participate in a number of other functions. We caught up with the Senator at the end of his first day in town—a Thursday—and found him looking confident, exuberant, and fit. The occasion was the hundred-and-sixtieth annual meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, which was being held at the Hayden Planetarium, starting with a dinner in the Guggenheim Space Theatre, on the planetarium's ground floor.

The Space Theatre is the large, drum-shaped room whose ceiling is equipped with a working model of the solar system—the sun and the planets represented by revolving and rotating spheres—and whose walls are covered with screens on which slides of nebulae, galaxies, and other astronomical phenomena can be projected. Although the solar system had been turned off for the evening, the slides presented a continuously changing celestial display. While Senator Moynihan, who was wearing a fashionably wide black tie, chatted with Professor I. I. Rabi, the physicist, and Dr. Fritz Lipmann, the biochemist (both of them are Nobel laureates), among others, at the main table, a meal was served that included veal Marsala, rice pilaf, and buttered asparagus. Beneath the nonfunctioning solar system, a wood quintet played Vivaldi, Rameau, Haydn, and Beethoven. During dessert (ice-cream cake roll), a man in a dinner jacket called out, "Let's hear some Scott Joplin!" The quintet launched into Joplin's "Cascades."

After dinner, we strolled with Senator Moynihan toward a stairway leading to the Sky Theatre, on the floor above. "I got to New York this

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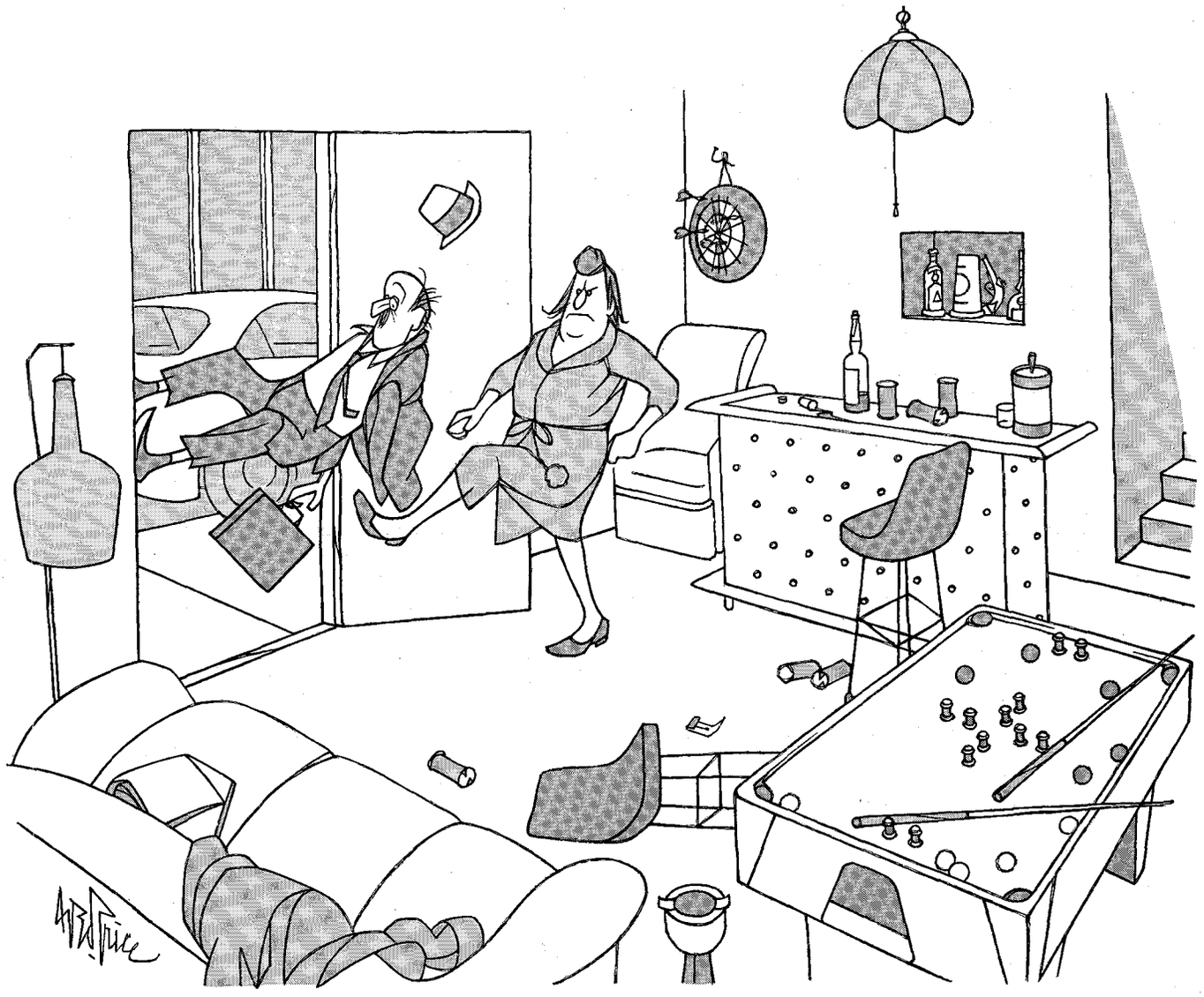

morning and I intended to stay through Sunday," he told us. "But this afternoon I got a call from my Washington office. There's going to be a meeting of the Senate Finance Committee tomorrow, so I'll fly back down in the morning, then fly back to New York in time for my Saturday appointments. This means I'll have to cancel a couple of events tomorrow, unfortunately. Sunday night, I leave for Los Angeles, where I'm going to speak before the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention."

We accompanied Senator Moynihan into the Sky Theatre, which is the planetarium's main hall—the one with the great white dome on which the universe, as it is seen from Earth, can be simulated—and where some four hundred members of the Academy took seats for the annual meeting. Dr. Herbert J. Kayden, a physician, who was the Academy's outgoing president, presented awards to eleven scientists for outstanding accomplishments in their fields. Dr. Charlotte Friend, a microbiologist, was installed as the first woman president in the Academy's history. Then Senator Moynihan stood in front of the hall's projection apparatus—the huge instrument that looks like a cross between a deep-sea diver's suit and a lunar-landing module—and gave the keynote address. It dealt with the relationship between science and society, and it contained allusions to Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, Mark Twain, Charles Darwin, Friedrich Nietzsche, Karl Marx, George Orwell, Alben Barkley, and Daniel Boorstin. "In a demystified world, science remains the only authority, and the authority of science, which liberalism did so much to develop, does not now lean unambiguously in its favor," Senator Moynihan said. "At present, liberalism seems either to face an absence of political thought or to risk seeing that vacuum filled with a technocratic perspective on society that seeks to solve problems by treating individuals as mere subjects of science—by progressing, as it were, 'beyond freedom and dignity.'... Thus it is with great concern that liberal democracy looks toward the future."

Senator Moynihan's speech was followed by an address by Dr. Alexander Rich, who is Sedgwick Professor of Biophysics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After the meeting, we rejoined the Senator as he moved toward a reception area, where people had begun to drink punch. "Do you know something?" he said. "I haven't been in this building since I was a kid. I used to shine shoes on the corner of Eighty-first and Columbus, less than a block from where we are now. I remember that on December 7, 1941, a man walked up to get a shoeshine. While I was polishing his shoes, he told me that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor."

A young woman rushed over and asked the Senator if she could interview him for an article she was writing. "I'd just like to get you alone for an hour," she said.

"I'd just like to get *myself* alone for an hour," said Senator Moynihan, gazing toward the planetarium's artificial heavens.

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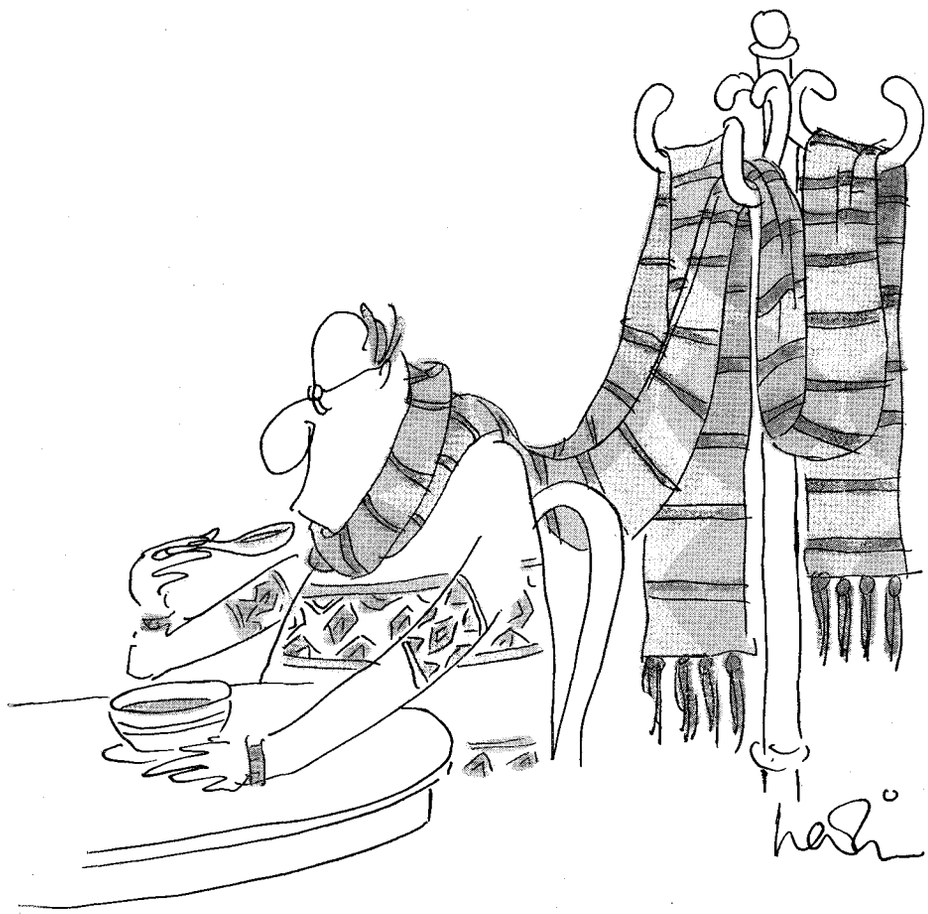
MEANNESS RISING FROM THE SUDS

I USED to pride myself on being impervious to the sentimentalities of soap opera, but when that loveliest of English actresses Rachel Gurney, of "Upstairs, Downstairs," perished on the Titanic, I wept so convulsively and developed such anorexia that I had to be force-fed. Hovering between life and death for weeks, I sat in a Bath chair on the great dappled lawns of my country house with my favorite collie at my feet and an alienist, until one of them—I can't recall which—recommended that I watch a few other soaps to palliate my anguish. So I did; I watched "Another World," "Days of Our Lives," "As the World Turns," and "Somerset," and in less time than you could say "Dr. Gregory Zilboorg" I was whole again. Compared to the torment their characters underwent, Rachel's fate was a piece of cake.

I usually avoid such personal revelations, reserving them for my diary and a few copies for friends, but not long ago a paragraph on this subject, in a periodical called *American Film*, horrified me anew. It said that *True* had examined the treatment of men in daytime soap opera and recoiled in shocked indignity. "Shows like 'Another World,'" it complained, "portrayed men as 'gutless and/or villainous boobs.' Moreover, [*True*] found that most male characters on daytime serials suffer from something, and listed the embarrassments that are visited on the stronger sex: 'sterility, stupidity, amnesia, alcoholism, impotence, night sweats, acne, acrophobia, senility, insecurity, and outright lunacy.'" The item continues, "An editor of a soap opera newsletter told *True* that some actors have quit in protest at the 'shambling fools' their characters were reduced to. Worse, some even found their characters so emasculated that their offscreen sex life was affected."

Hardly able to credit the evidence of my eyes, I swiftly dug up the relevant issue of *True* for confirmation. Every word was gospel. One actor, John Colenback, who has played Dr. Dan Stewart in "As the World Turns" for many years, charged, "The writers I worked with always managed to turn the men on the show into either evil or totally weak characters who were manipulated by women. . . . I was trapped in an extremely paranoid position. I was really vicious when I was working at the hospital, screaming at the nurses and patients like a little Hitler. But at home I had to be the biggest of boobs, pushed around unmercilessly by my wife and my mother." (And, judging from that adverb, Colenback's travail also fractured his English.) Furthermore, *True* pointed out, these shows were not alone in their castrating complex, and gave more examples of male *faiblesse* gleaned from "Days of Our Lives": "A man turns out to be the father of his brother's child. A husband ruins his wife's career by refusing to let her sing in public. . . . A man shaves off his mustache because a girl tells him that she doesn't trust men with face hair." All of them, I was forced to acknowledge, were unspeakable bounders—the husband in particular. Rather than wicked, actually he was a dolt. The craftier way to ruin his wife's career would have been to *compel* her to sing in public.



The second dent of soap opera on my consciousness had barely faded to a purplish bruise when out of left field came another—this time, though, more in the nature of a soft nudge. A ravishing friend of mine who, by a coincidence, had won her acting spurs on "Another World" and was now starred in a network show called "Millionaire Pauper," rang me up one evening from the Coast. Not for nothing had Kathleen been called the Zuleika Dobson of Hofstra University; in addition to green eyes, honey-colored hair, and a figure that capsized the senses, she had a brain stored with more knowledge than Chambers's Encyclopædia and a gaiety unequalled since Carole Lombard's. But tonight she was in a sombre mood. "Look, baby, I've got to come up for air," she confided. "I'm skying into town for a couple of nights. Do you know a real person that a person could spend an evening with—not a chauvinist pig or a garter-snapper?"

I tried to think of one, and, failing, timidly nominated myself.

There was a curious pause, and a crackling akin to chuckling, as though we were disconnected. Then I heard her voice. "You?" she asked dubiously. "Yes, you're sweet. But, frankly, dear, I've always felt there was—how shall I say?—something lacking in you."

I bristled. "You mean that I'm kind of weak? Gutless? A boob?"

"No, just ineffectual—sort of Pre-Raphaelite. A bush-league Dante Gabriel Rossetti, so to speak. You're not really *evil*, like the men on my show. The trouble with you, darling—"

"Listen, this call is costing you an arm and a leg," I broke in, forgetting that she had reversed the charges. "I'll meet you at '21' tomorrow at eight. No, wait—you don't want to be bothered signing autographs. Let's make it

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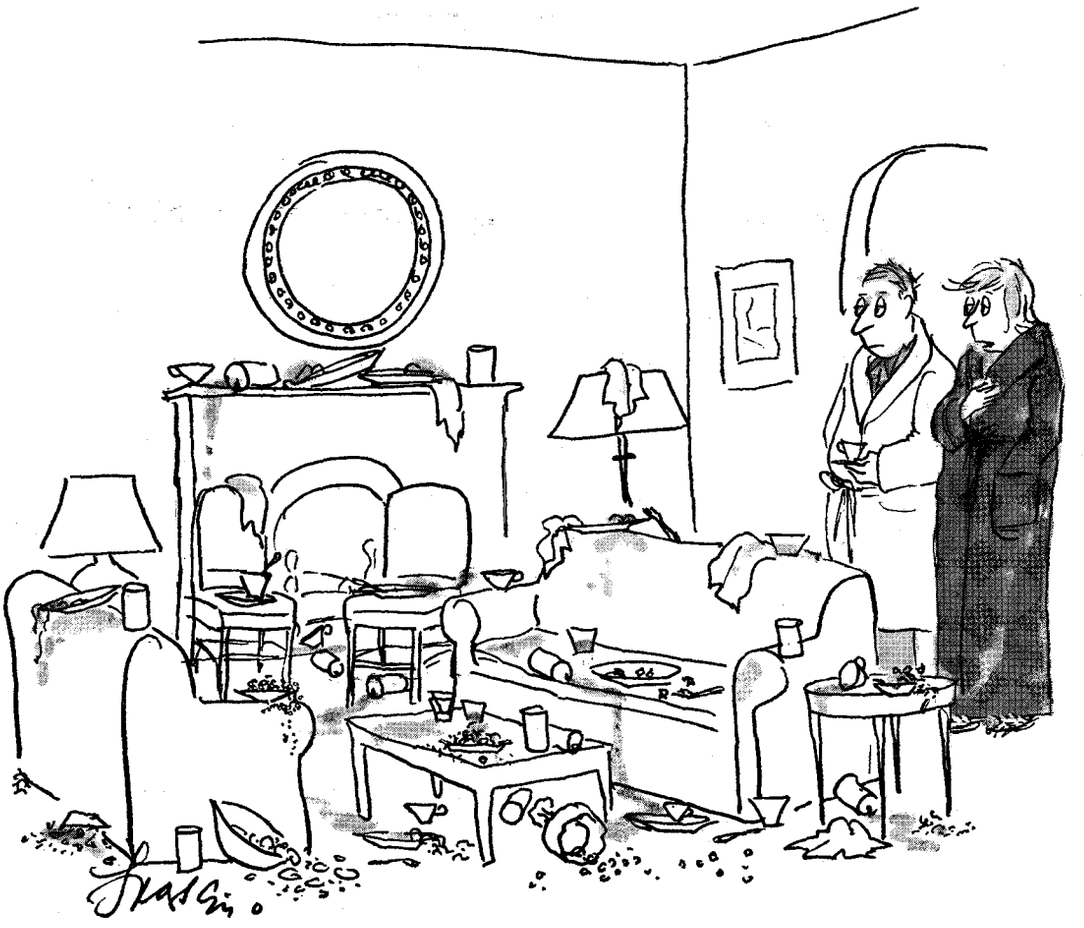
the corner of Fifty-eighth and Fifth, and if I'm late you can look in Bergdorf's windows."

THE realization that Kathleen conceived of me as a sheep rankled throughout the night, and by morning I decided to change my image. Fie on the funereal lounge suit from Brooks I had worn hitherto, the discreet neckwear, the bespoke shoes; I would transform myself into a swinger, one of those breezy, jovial loudmouths around the Americana Hotel, and sweep her off her feet. At a quarter to seven, I stood aghast regarding my alter ego in the bathroom mirror. The peacock-blue safari suit, the Tibetan prayer beads encircling my neck were disastrous. All I needed was a little tin can on my head to look like Happy Hooligan. Eyes aplenty popped at the Golden Noodle subsequently as the headwaiter ushered Kathleen and me to our table, but they were riveted on her Celtic beauty rather than on me. Understated my old Brooks number may have been; still, it didn't glow in the dark.



"It's hard to believe that such a dull bunch could make all this mess."

• •

Our faces were greasy with egg rolls and spareribs before I mustered up courage to pose the question gnawing at my subconscious. "Kathie," I demanded, "why do you women in soap opera detest my sex?"

"Hate your sex?" The widened eyes turned on me were as lambent as a jaguar's. "My dear, you talk like a sausage. We don't at all."

"You do, you do!" I drummed my fists on the table. "We're always being portrayed as drunkards and eunuchs and fatheads—greedy, lascivious morons without one redeeming virtue."

"But you *are* swine, you can't deny," she said, palms outspread. "Look at Verdun, the Huguenot massacre, the annual statistics on rape."

"And women are angels, I suppose," I retorted. "What about Messalina knocking off her lovers? And Catherine of Russia, Madame Defarge, and Lizzie Borden?"

"Oh, we've had a few hotheads, sure, but if you dig into it, you'll find men were usually to blame. Remember the breakfast Andrew Borden had served up that blazing Fall River morning? Warmed-over mutton soup, leftover mutton, and bananas. No wonder the poor thing went berserk."

"Don't try to squirm out of it," I said roughly. "You and your ilk are helping to perpetrate a lie. How can you accept money for blackening the opposite gender?"

"Well, money is the only thing they give us. I guess it's better than nothing."

"Really. I'm surprised you can sleep nights with that on your conscience."

"I did have trouble at first, until I switched to Compoz. You should, too—it's great for the kind of indignation you're suffering from." She shovelled in a second helping of subgum chow mein with water chestnuts. Typical feminine behavior. They eat a spoonful of yogurt when they're alone, but when you're buying, man, it's like Thanksgiving. "Now, shape up, honey—you know better than to bad-mouth my profession. We just speak the words you writers give us."

"Then we're traitors to our sex," I snapped. "We ought to be horsewhipped for maligning ourselves."

"Hyperbole," Kathleen dismissed. "Those scribes out there are merely using soap opera as a confessional. Believe me, I speak from experience—I lived with one a couple of months last year. He was a gorgeous animal. Body by Mark Spitz, hair like the raven's wing, pearly teeth, Byronic profile; the man was a veritable collage. And clever, too—not a speck of talent, but he knew exactly whose work to plagiarize. So we're in paradise as envisioned nowadays by Erica Jong—though, between you and me, I was brought up on Andrew Lang's 'Orange Fairy Book' and I like to do a little sewing betweentimes."

"What ever attracted you to a bullock like that?" I asked, repressing a shudder. "Sheer physical perfection is abhorrent to me. Lacking nobility of mind, love is a barrel without hoops."

"You don't say," she commented. "Would you mind disengaging your foot from mine? There, that's better. . . . Well, one day I was seated in front of my checkbook, as Sir Arthur Sullivan's song has it, weary and ill at ease. Not only did it not balance but, chancing to glance through the cancelled checks, I discovered that, unbe-

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"One of you boys go help Mom with the groceries."

• •

knownst to me, I was supporting a household in Redondo Beach. I taxed Wolf, my lover, with it, and learned the place was tenanted by an orphan—a wistful, flaxen-haired call girl to whom, out of compassion, he had also given a charge account at I. Magnin."

"Whereupon I imagine you sent him packing."

"Yes, in my white Mercedes 450-SEL, which, blinded by tears of remorse, he drove into a stanchion on the San Diego Freeway. The shock to his psyche might have been irreparable, except that he embodied our idyll in his soap opera and then wrote it off as a deductible business expense."

"Kathleen mavourneen." I reached over and took her hand—the one that was not busy spooning up water chestnuts. "How can you allow yourself to be endlessly exploited by such parasites, trapped in an environment so alien to you? Need I remind you that with each passing day you grow older?"

"Oh, remind me, do," she begged. "That's why I flew three thousand miles—to be warned I was becoming a raddled old crone."

"Well, it isn't too apparent yet," I comforted her. "And anyway there are lots of old-crone parts you'll be able to play. No, what I'm trying to

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convey is that however stupid or clumsy your past has been, I'm big enough to overlook it."

"Then nothing else matters," she said warmly. "As long as you think I'm straight and clean and fine—"

"I didn't say that," I interrupted. "Let me finish. Now, I'm not very rich in this world's goods, but I know where there's a tiny cabin in a bee-loud glade just large enough for two. Can you guess what I see there?"

Like so many of your Hibernian persuasion, Kathleen is more than a bit psychic, and, after a moment's reflection, she told me. She saw herself bent over a washtub humming contentedly as several chubby youngsters played around her knees and I sat indoors writing paperbacks that I hoped to sell for four hundred thousand each so as to put meat on the table.

"Yes, yes, go on," I encouraged. "Is there anything else you want to tell me?"

"Just one thing, lambie," she said, and patted my hand. "Fearing you might become sleepy after these Chinese dinners you consistently feed me, I availed myself of a backup date with a person staying at the Americana."

"Some loudmouth in a safari suit and prayer beads, no doubt," I said, stung to the quick.

She nodded. "Poor in spirit but not in this world's goods—he owns forty-one per cent of the Texas Panhandle. Hence," she said, rising, "that's why I'm rushing off precipitately, because he can't bear to be kept waiting at '21.'" She imprinted a light kiss on my ear and was gone in a rustle of silk.

TEMPERAMENTALLY, I'm an easy-going, philosophical chap stimulated by rejection, as I've often noted in my diary and a few copies for friends, and within a month the entire episode had faded from memory. Then, one afternoon, as I was watching "Millionaire Pauper," the soap Kathleen appears on, I was taken aback by a new character introduced as comic relief—a bespectacled writer hopelessly besotted with a glamorous young actress. Torn between satyriasis and parsimony, he insists on conducting her to substandard Chinese restaurants, where he fondles her over the less expensive choices on the à la carte menu—but why should I compound the humiliations? The whole thing is a cowardly slur on the masculine sex, and any male voluntarily tuning in on the show should be horsewhipped. Still, don't let me influence you. That's just one viewer's opinion.

—S. J. PERELMAN

INCOMPLETE AND DISPUTED SONATAS

1

After the plagues and the dispossessions,
Survival's one idea gives way
To ideas of civility:
Immigrants rise out of muddy shoes
Up to their sky-high penthouse suites,
A piano waxed to perfection wheels
On all three legs down a pine-needle path
Through woods, French windows reveal the sky,
And one sharp branch of forsythia
Sticks its yellow muzzle of a gun
Into the proper corner window,
Making the composition perfect.

2

Someone playing Schumann begins
To alter the prepared arrangements—
The idea of dissolution comes back again:
The needle's track runs backward in its grooves,
A window-cleaner like a flake of icing
Drops to the ground, the glass shatters,
Cutting badly on the way down.

3

Still,
You may see, curled up in still
Another window,
A girl intent on reading a novel,
Her hair suffused with sunlight blonder
Than she. Music by Mozart,
The G-Minor Quintet saying
How nothing lasts
But music by Mozart.

4

Are we approaching the coast?
Dark, you have given too many assignments.
Rain drums on the slattings of the deck.
Cold warns the room of its sudden menace.

5

Wagnerian sails
Go by the window—
Somewhere in fog a net and trident,
Neptune stranded on a tip of pine,
Appalled to be a god in a suburb.

6

Every day to wake to the world's work,
To take apart the watchwork of seasons,
Houses I cannot remember, palaces
Burning among the ghostly senators,
Or around a fire a circle of men,
The dogs with their wary eyes walking
Out of the forest to become domestic . . .
Tonight the storm's electrical transformers,
The purring abusiveness of cats in love.

7

Lately among apparently leafless
Trees I have had these afternoons
Of solitude and of loneliness,
As if I might die before I could tell
Those whom I loved that I had loved them,
As if when I woke I would slowly walk
To a bay window, look down, and see
Myself lying lifeless on gravel.

—HOWARD MOSS

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FATHER'S LAST ESCAPE

IT happened in the late and forlorn period of complete disruption, at the time of the liquidation of our business. The signboard had been removed from over our shop, the shutters were halfway down, and inside the shop my mother was conducting an unauthorized trade in remnants. Adela, our servant girl, had gone to America, and it was said that the boat on which she had sailed had sunk and that all the passengers had lost their lives. We were unable to verify this rumor, but all trace of the girl was lost and we never heard of her again.

A new age began—empty, sober, and joyless, like a sheet of white paper. A new servant girl, Genya, anemic, pale, and boneless, mooned about the rooms. When one patted her on the back, she wriggled, stretched like a snake, or purred like a cat. She had a dull white complexion, and even the insides of her eyelids were white. She was so absent-minded that she sometimes made a white sauce from old letters and invoices: it was sickly and inedible.

At that time, my father was definitely dead. He had been dying a number of times, always with some reservations that forced us to revise our attitude toward the fact of his death. This had its advantages. By dividing his death into installments, Father had familiarized us with his demise. We became gradually indifferent to his returns—each one shorter, each one more pitiful. His features were already dispersed throughout the room in which he had lived, and were sprouting in it, creating at some points strange knots of likeness that were most expressive. The wallpaper began in certain places to imitate his habitual nervous tic; the flower designs arranged themselves into the doleful elements of his smile, symmetrical as the fossilized imprint of a trilobite. For a time, we gave a wide berth to his fur coat lined with polecat skins. The fur coat breathed. The panic of small animals sewn together and biting into one another passed through it in helpless currents and lost itself in the folds of the fur. Putting one's ear against it, one could hear the melodious purring unison of the animals' sleep. In this well-tanned form, amid the faint smell of polecat, murder, and night-time matings, my father might have lasted for many years. But he did not last.

One day, Mother returned home from town with a preoccupied face.

"Look, Joseph," she said, "what a lucky coincidence. I caught him on the stairs, jumping from step to step"—and she lifted a handkerchief that covered something on a plate. I recognized him at once. The resemblance was striking, although now he was a crab or a large scorpion. Mother and I exchanged looks: in spite of the metamorphosis, the resemblance was incredible.

"Is he alive?" I asked.

"Of course. I can hardly hold him," Mother said. "Shall I place him on the floor?"

She put the plate down, and, leaning over him, we observed him closely. There was a hollow place between his numerous curved legs, which he was moving slightly. His uplifted pincers and feelers seemed to be listening. I tipped the plate, and Father moved cautiously and with a certain hesitation onto the floor. Upon touching the flat surface under him, he gave a sudden start with all of his legs, while his hard arthropod joints made a clacking sound. I barred his way. He hesitated, investigated the obstacle with his feelers, then lifted his pincers and turned aside. We let him run in his chosen direction, where there was no furniture to give him shelter. Running in wavy jerks on his many legs, he reached the wall and, before we could stop him, ran lightly up it, not pausing anywhere. I shuddered with instinctive revulsion as I watched his progress up the wallpaper. Meanwhile, Father reached a small built-in kitchen cupboard, hung for a moment on its edge, testing the terrain with his pincers, and then crawled into it.

He was discovering the apartment afresh from the point of view of a crab; evidently, he perceived all objects by his sense of smell, for, in spite of care-

"All those in favor of hollering uncle, say 'Aye.'"

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ful checking, I could not find on him any organ of sight. He seemed to consider carefully the objects he encountered in his path, stopping and feeling them with his antennae, then embracing them with his pincers, as if to test them and make their acquaintance; after a time, he left them and continued on his run, pulling his abdomen behind him, lifted slightly from the floor. He acted the same way with the pieces of bread and meat that we threw on the floor for him, hoping he would eat them. He gave them a perfunctory examination and ran on, not recognizing that they were edible.

Watching these patient surveys of the room, one could assume that he was obstinately and indefatigably looking for something. From time to time, he ran to a corner of the kitchen, crept under a barrel of water that was leaking, and, upon reaching the puddle, seemed to drink.

Sometimes he disappeared for days on end. He seemed to manage perfectly well without food, but this did not seem to affect his vitality. With mixed feelings of shame and repugnance, we concealed by day our secret fear that he might visit us in bed during the night. But this never occurred, although in the daytime he would wander all over the furniture. He particularly liked to stay in the spaces between the wardrobes and the wall.

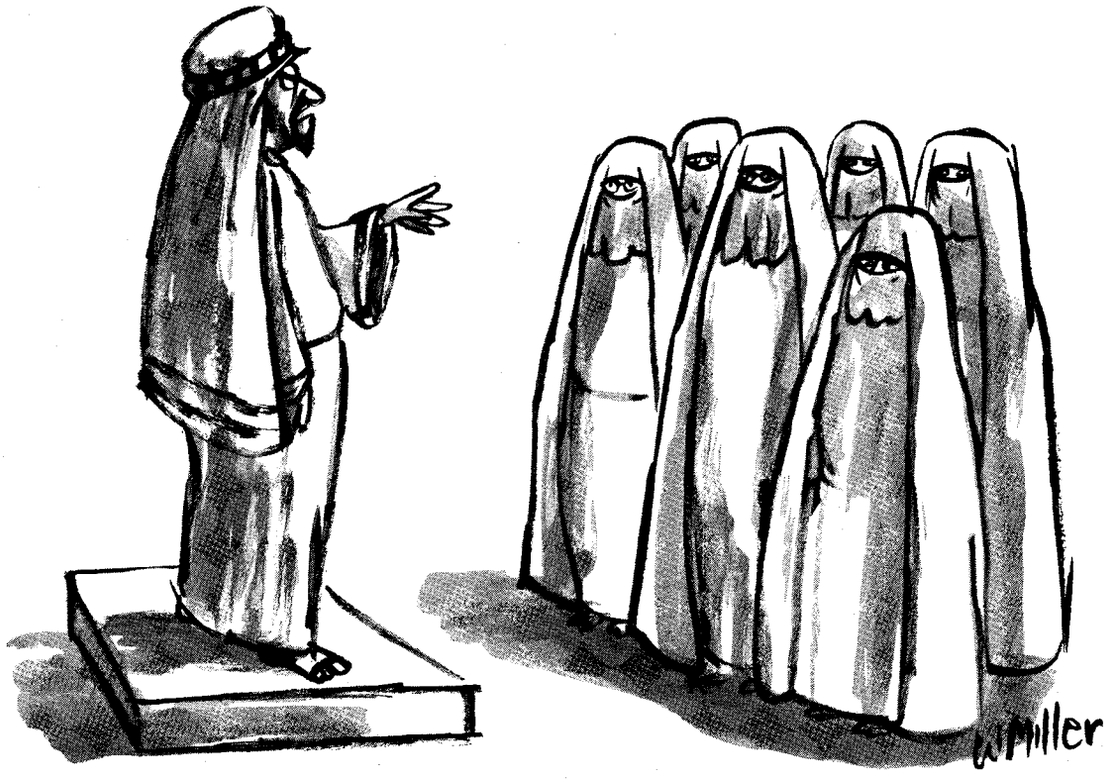
We could not discount certain manifestations of reason and even of a sense of humor. For instance, Father never failed to appear in the dining room during mealtimes, although his participation in them was purely symbolic. If the dining-room door was by chance closed during dinner and he had been left in the next room, he scratched at the bottom of the door, running up and down along the crack, until we opened it for him. In time, he learned how to insert his pincers and legs under the door, and after some elaborate maneuvers he finally succeeded in insinuating his body through it sideways into the dining room. This seemed to give him pleasure. He would then stop under the table, lying quite still, his abdomen slightly pulsating. What the meaning of these rhythmic pulsations was, we could not imagine. They seemed obscene and malicious, but at the same time expressed a rather gross and lustful satisfaction. Our dog, Nimrod, would approach him slowly and, without conviction, sniff at him cautiously, sneeze, and turn away indifferently, not having reached any conclusions.

Meanwhile, the demoralization in our household was increasing. Genya slept all day long, her slim body bonelessly undulating with her deep breaths. We often found in the soup reels of cotton, which she had thrown in unthinkingly with the vegetables. Our shop was open non-stop, day and night. A continuous sale took place amid complicated bargainings and discussions. To crown it all, Uncle Charles came to stay.

He was strangely depressed and silent. He declared with a sigh that after his recent unfortunate experiences he had decided to change his way of life and devote himself to the study of languages. He never went out but remained locked in the most remote room—from which Genya had removed all the carpets and curtains, as she did not approve of our visitor. There he spent his time, reading old price lists. Several times, he tried viciously to step on Father. Screaming with horror, we told him to stop it. Afterward he only smiled wryly to himself, while Father, not realizing the danger he had been in, hung around and studied some spots on the floor.

My father, quick and mobile as long as he was on his feet, shared with all crustaceans the characteristic that when turned on his back he became largely immobile. It was sad and pitiful to see him desperately moving all his limbs and rotating helplessly around his own axis. We could hardly force ourselves to look at the conspicuous, almost shameless mechanism of his anatomy, completely exposed under the bare articulated belly. At such moments, Uncle Charles could hardly restrain himself from stamping on Father. We ran to his rescue with some object at hand, which he caught tightly with his pincers, quickly regaining his normal position; then at once he started a lightning, zigzag run at double speed, as if wanting to obliterate the memory of his unsightly fall.

I MUST force myself to report truthfully the unbelievable deed, from which my memory recoils even now. To this day I cannot understand how we became the conscious perpetrators



"I divorce thee, I divorce thee, I divorce thee. And I divorce thee, I divorce thee, I divorce thee. Also I divorce thee, I divorce thee, I divorce thee. And you, too, I divorce thee, I divorce thee, I divorce . . ."

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"We rather fancy this little novel of yours, Brown. Would you consider one million six up front for it?"

•

of it. A strange fatality must have been driving us to it; for fate does not evade consciousness or will but engulfs them in its mechanism, so that we are able to admit and accept, as in a hypnotic trance, things that under normal circumstances would fill us with horror.

Shaken badly, I asked my mother in despair, again and again, "How could you have done it? If it were Genya who had done it—but you yourself?" Mother cried, wrung her hands, and could find no answer. Had she thought that Father would be better off? Had she seen in that act the only solution to a hopeless situation, or did she do it out of inconceivable thoughtlessness and frivolity? Fate has a thousand wiles when it chooses to impose on us its incomprehensible whims. A temporary blackout, a moment of inattention or blindness is enough to insinuate an act between the Scylla and Charybdis of decision. Afterward, with hindsight, we may endlessly ponder that act, explain our motives, try to discover our true intentions; but the act remains irrevocable.

When Father was brought in on a dish, we came to our senses and understood fully what had happened. He lay large and swollen from the boiling, pale gray and jellified. We sat in silence, dumbfounded. Only Uncle Charles lifted his fork toward the dish, but at once he put it down uncertainly, looking at us askance. Mother ordered it to be taken to the sitting room. It stood there afterward on a table covered with a velvet cloth, next to the album of family photographs and a musical cigarette box. Avoided by us all, it just stood there.

But my father's earthly wanderings were not yet at an end, and the next installment—the extension of the story beyond permissible limits—is the most painful of all. Why didn't he give up, why didn't he admit that he was beaten when there was every reason to do so and when even fate could go no farther in utterly confounding him? After several weeks of immobility in the sitting room, he somehow rallied and seemed to be slowly recovering. One morning, we found the plate empty. One leg lay on the edge of the dish, in some congealed tomato sauce and aspic that bore the traces of his escape. Although boiled and shedding his legs on the way, with his remaining strength he had dragged himself somewhere to begin a homeless wandering, and we never saw him again.

—Bruno Schulz

(*Translated, from the Polish, by Celina Wieniewska.*)

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Dame's only public brush with alcohol occurred three years ago in Bradenton, where he was arrested on a charge of driving while intoxicated. "That is what taught me my lesson," he said. "I was in the end of a bad marriage, but frankly, that is water under the dam, a problem which I overcame long ago."—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times.*

He just lowered the dam a few inches and looked for another wife.

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PROFILES

BIOLOGY WATCHER

Dr. Lewis Thomas

UNTIL the spring of 1974, Dr. Lewis Thomas was known widely in the biomedical profession but hardly at all outside it. Dr. Thomas is president and chief executive officer of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, in New York, which is not only a hospital but one of the most important cancer-research laboratories in the world, and since 1973 he has also been a professor of medicine and pathology at the Cornell University Medical College and since 1975 an adjunct professor at The Rockefeller University. For thirty-seven years, he has done outstanding research in biomedicine—work for which he was elected to the National Academy of Sciences in 1972 and to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1961. By the time of his election to the National Academy, Dr. Thomas had written some two hundred technical papers on immunology, experimental pathology, and infectious disease—and had done so despite the fact that since 1954 he has been able to do laboratory work only part time because of a heavy schedule of activities as a medical administrator. At present, he is, among other things, a trustee of The Rockefeller University and the Guggenheim Foundation, and in 1976 he was elected to the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, from whose medical school he graduated cum laude in 1937.

In the spring of 1974, Thomas published a collection of essays that had first appeared in the weekly *New England Journal of Medicine*, for which since 1971 he has been writing a column of biomedical and philosophical commentary under the general rubric "Notes of a Biology Watcher." He called the collection, which was published by Viking, "The Lives of a Cell." Despite the fact that the book is somewhat recondite reading—there is no glossary to explain such technical terms as "chronic glomerulonephritis" and "the cilia of eukaryotic cells," and Thomas does not offer many definitions in his essays—it has been a great success. By October of 1977, it had gone through ten printings in hardcover, six printings in paperback, and several book-club editions. In the United States alone, it has now sold more than two hundred and fifty thousand copies in hardcover and paperback, and it has been translated into nine languages—an incredible figure for a book of this type. The response to the book from both literary and scientific readers was overwhelmingly enthusiastic, and in the spring of 1975 Dr. Thomas received a National Book Award for "Lives." So unusual was the book that it created something of an embarrassment for the judges. Both the arts-and-letters panel and the panel on science nominated Dr. Thomas, and an amicable tug-of-war ensued between the two; in the end, the arts-and-letters people conferred the award.

What particularly has struck many readers of the book is the combination of its language and its outlook. Thomas, who has written poetry since his undergraduate days, brings a poet's sensibility for words to his essays, and among contemporary scientists he has no equal as a literary stylist. Describing a group of New Yorkers watching a collection of two million Central American army ants that had been brought here by a local artist to create, inside a square plastic bin, a living collage, Dr. Thomas writes that the ants "formed themselves into long, black, ropy patterns, extended like writhing limbs, hands, fingers, across the sand in crescents, crisscrosses, and long ellipses, from one station to another," and continues, "Thus deployed, they were watched with intensity by the crowds of winter-carapaced people who lined up in neat rows to gaze down at them. The ants were, together with the New Yorkers, an abstraction, a live mobile, an action painting, a piece of found art, a happening, a parody, depending on the light." He goes on, "I can imagine the people moving around the edges of the plastic barrier, touching shoulder to shoulder, sometimes touching hands, exchanging bits of information, nodding, smiling sometimes, prepared as New Yorkers always are to take flight at a moment's notice, their mitochondria fully stoked and steaming. They move in orderly lines around the box, crowding one another precisely, without injury, peering down, nodding, and then backing off to let new people in. Seen from a distance, clustered densely around the white plastic box containing the long serpentine lines of army ants, turning to each other and murmuring repetitively, they seem an absolute marvel. They might have dropped here from another planet." This reaction is imagined rather than real because, as Thomas has noted, the ants died before he got to see them.

And then there is Thomas's outlook. He points out that few societies in human history have achieved a standard of health care as high as that which currently exists in the United States. Life expectancy for Americans, he has said, "is now seventy-two years, about the longest that has been achieved in our kind of society." Most of us are

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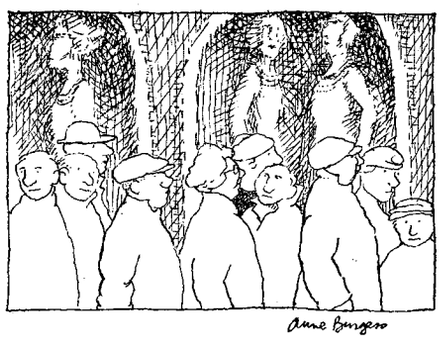
in good health most of the time. Yet instead of enjoying this situation we display a higher level of neurosis about our bodies and our health than ever before—we make ourselves sick by worrying about our health. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent of the visits to doctors and clinics are by people who do not have anything organically wrong with them. They go to seek reassurance and psychological comfort. "It used to be quite different," Dr. Thomas noted recently in conversation. "When I was a medical student, it was not the habit of people, even in the more affluent parts of our society, to see the doctor regularly. One called the doctor when there was really something urgent going on. I remember being taught in a class by Dr. John Homans, who was an eminent surgeon at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, in Boston, that if we ever encountered a patient from Down East Maine we should pay special attention, because these people *never* went to the doctor, and if one of them came into the office you had to take it for granted that you had a medical emergency on your hands." That was at a time when the health of everyone, including people from Down East, was immeasurably inferior to what it is now. Clearly, something has gone wrong. Something has become unfocussed in our view of our bodies and ourselves, and "The Lives of a Cell" is in part an attempt to illuminate this change and to restore things to their proper perspective. Here, for instance, is Dr. Thomas dealing with current attitudes toward personal hygiene:

Watching television, you'd think we lived at bay, in total jeopardy, surrounded on all sides by human-seeking germs, shielded against infection and death only by a chemical technology that enables us to keep killing them off. We are instructed to spray disinfectants everywhere, into the air of our bedrooms and kitchens and with special energy into bathrooms, since it is our very own germs that seem the worst kind. We explode clouds of aerosol, mixed for good luck with deodorants, into our noses, mouths, underarms, privileged crannies—even into the intimate insides of our telephones. We apply potent antibiotics to minor scratches and seal them with plastic. Plastic is the new protector; we wrap the already plastic tumblers of hotels in more plastic, and seal the toilet seats like state secrets after irradiating them with ultraviolet light. We live in a world where the microbes are always trying to get at us, to tear us cell from cell, and we only stay alive and whole through diligence and fear. . . .

In real life, however, even in our worst circumstances we have always been a relatively minor interest of the vast microbial world. Pathogenicity is not the rule. Indeed, it occurs so infrequently and involves such a relatively small number of species, considering the huge population of bacteria on the earth, that it has a freakish aspect. Disease usually results from inconclusive negotiations for symbiosis, an overstepping of the line by one side or the other, a biologic misinterpretation of borders.

Here is Dr. Thomas writing about the return of astronauts from the moon:

There is ambiguity, and some symbolism, in the elaborate ritual observed by each returning expedition of astronauts from the moon. They celebrate first of all the inviolability of the earth, and they reënact, each time, in stereotyped choreography, our long anxiety about the nature of life. They do not, as one might expect, fall to their knees and kiss the carrier deck; this would violate, intrude upon, contaminate the deck, the vessel, the sea around, the whole earth. Instead, they wear surgical masks. They walk briskly, arms up, untouching, into a sterile box. They wave enigmatically, gnotobiotically, to the President from behind glass panes, so as not to breathe moondust on him. They are levitated to another sealed box in Houston, to wait out their days in quarantine, while inoculated animals and tissue cultures are squinted at for omens.



It is only after the long antiseptic ceremony has been completed that they are allowed out into the sun, for the ride up Broadway.

A visitor from another planet, or another century, would view the exercise as precisely lunatic behavior, but no one from outside would understand it. We must do things this way, these days. If there should be life on the moon, we must begin by fearing it. We must guard against it, lest we catch something. . . .

There are pieces of evidence that we have had it the wrong way round. Most of the associations between the living things we know about are essentially cooperative ones, symbiotic in one degree

ICE

Men are walking on the harbor!
Secure in the physics of temperature,
They step from boat to lodged boat.

Under the fiery stars, cars play their headlights
Over a white continent. The bay is a land of floes,
And every twelve hours the tides

Lay up sheets of ice on the shore.
In a week they are piled as high as a man,
A dozen strata, histories of the tidal night.

And one morning, two days after warm weather,
The whole white shelf sinks into the sea,
Leaving raw sand and the angry waves.

What has kept us from falling?
Not winter's weird equilibrium,
Or earth drawing the reluctant feet

Down. Balance is the memory
Of the fall, before it happens.
Our inner charts are navigators' guesses:

White floes, flaws, "flyaway islands."
Remnants of a vanished something.
The stories that mapped Viking explorers.

Or Frobisher's five men, captured by Eskimos,
A tribe that three centuries after
Remembered their release, the small boat

They built, the manner of their death.
Cold water, and England a long way.
We stay on land that holds us.

Or one morning walk out over the blue ice.

—William Logan

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or another; when they have the look of adversaries, it is usually a standoff relation, with one party issuing signals, warnings, flagging the other off. It takes long intimacy, long and familiar interliving, before one kind of creature can cause illness in another. If there were to be life on the moon, it would have a lonely time waiting for acceptance to membership here. We do not have solitary beings. Every creature is, in some sense, connected to and dependent on the rest.

As it happens, the people in our society who seem to be the least infected by health neuroses are doctors and their families. In "The Lives of a Cell," Dr. Thomas speculates on why this is so. Since writing the book, he remarked not long ago, he has received numerous letters from internists and general practitioners indicating that his hunch was right. He proposes a questionnaire that he would like to see answered by "the well-trained, experienced, middle-aged, married-with-family internists." He writes:

How many times in the last five years have the members of your family, including yourself, had any kind of laboratory test? How many complete physical examinations? X-rays? Electrocardiograms? How often, in a year's turning, have you prescribed antibiotics of any kind for yourself or your family? How many hospitalizations? How much surgery? How many consultations with a psychiatrist? How many formal visits to a doctor, any doctor, including yourself?

I will bet that if you got this kind of information, and added everything up, you would find a quite different set of figures from the ones now being projected in official circles for the population at large. I have tried it already, in an unscientific way, by asking around among my friends. My data, still soft but fairly consistent, reveal that none of my internist friends have had a routine physical examination since military service; very few have been x-rayed except by dentists; almost all have resisted surgery; laboratory tests for anyone in the family are extremely rare. They use a lot of aspirin, but they seem to write very few prescriptions and almost never treat family fever with antibiotics. This is not to say that they do not become ill; these families have the same incidence of chiefly respiratory and gastrointestinal illness as everyone else, the same number of anxieties and bizarre notions, and the same number—on balance, a small number—of frightening or devastating diseases.

In conclusion, Dr. Thomas writes, "The great secret, known to internists and learned early in marriage by internists' wives, but still hidden from the general public, is that most things get better by themselves. Most things, in fact, are better by morning."

FROM the time I read Dr. Thomas's book, I wanted to learn more about him—to find out what in his medical experience led to his outlook

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"Seventy-something, isn't it?"

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and philosophy. As one might imagine, Thomas is an extremely busy man, but recently, over a period of weeks, we had several long conversations in his office, which is on the top floor—the twentieth—of Sloan-Kettering. Dr. Thomas is a youthful-looking man of sixty-four, with a trace of gray in his brown hair. He is about six feet tall and of solid build, and he is given to wearing conservative three-piece suits. His face puts one in mind of a Yankee sea captain. There is something about him that immediately inspires confidence, and while he has never had an ordinary medical practice, it is easy to picture him as a wise, no-nonsense family doctor. His conversation, like his book, is full of dry humor. His office is a large, bright place with three large windows, one of which faces the East River and two of which face north. There are various medical books and scientific journals neatly arranged on shelves. On one wall is a large painting—"The Sleeping Duck," by Morris Graves—and on another are a number of framed diplomas: for his Bachelor of Science degree, received from Princeton in 1933; for the 1937 cum-laude degree from Harvard Medical School; and for honorary degrees as well (Yale, '69, University of Rochester, '74). On a cabinet in one corner stands an electric coffeemaker, and pipes of various sizes and shapes lie on his desk and on several tables.

At our first meeting, I asked Dr. Thomas to tell me about himself, and he began at the beginning. "I was born in Flushing, New York, on November 25, 1913," he said. "On my father's side, we are of Welsh origin. His family came over here some generations ago—they are said to have been hod carriers. There were names in the family like Thomas Lewis Thomas, my grandfather's, and Lewis Smith Thomas, an uncle's—typical Welsh names that had been in the family for generations. My father, however, was named Joseph Simon Thomas. There had been a tradition of the Welsh language in the family, but by my father's time it had narrowed itself down to a single word—it sounded, as I recall, like 'wich'—which he used to say at Christmas when he was carving the turkey. He never knew what the word meant, and I have never been able to find out. My mother's family were farmers from New England—she came from Connecticut—and, like many people from that part of the country, claimed some sort of Mayflower ancestry. As far as I know, it has never been proved."

I asked if there was a scientific tradition in the family.

"My father was a doctor, but his father ran a mill—a flour mill, I think—in New Jersey," Dr. Thomas replied. "Other than my father, there were, as far as I know, no scientific people in the family. My father graduated from Princeton in 1899, and his medical training was at Columbia Physicians and Surgeons; he did his residency at The Roosevelt Hospital. He moved to Flushing in 1905 or 1906 to set up his practice. Flushing was, he felt, a nice village to set up a practice in—a long carriage ride from Manhattan—and it was thought to be an area that might grow."

I asked Thomas if being the son of a doctor had given him the idea in his childhood of becoming a doctor.

"Yes, it did," he told me. "In those days, it was the normal thing in communities the size of Flushing for doctors to have their offices in their homes. The front part of our house was my father's office and the waiting room for patients. We lived upstairs. My earliest memories are of patients filling the waiting room; I also remember being taken—from the age of three or four on—in the Franklin sedan that he drove on house calls, and waiting for him while he visited patients. My impression was that he was having a very good time in this work. It was obviously engrossing and exciting, and being a doctor looked to me like a great deal of fun."

This feeling was obviously shared in the Thomas household. Thomas has three older sisters—Nancy, Ruth, and Edith—and a younger brother, Joseph, Jr. Ruth, who studied nursing at Yale, married a doctor, and Thomas's brother is a practicing internist in upstate New York.

"Early in my father's career, he was a general practitioner, as I guess every doctor was at that time," Thomas continued. "Later, he trained himself as a surgeon while continuing his general practice, and in the mid-nineteen-twenties he became a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. He decided that he was going to do nothing but surgery, and announced to his patients that that was how things were going to be. That was the way one got to be a surgeon then. Later on—much later on—the requirements became for-

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malized, with stipulations about the length of time that one was required to do this or that kind of surgery, at this or that kind of institution."

Turning the talk back to himself, Dr. Thomas said, "I went to grammar school in Flushing, at P.S. 20, and after a year of high school in Flushing I transferred to the McBurney School, in Manhattan—a long subway ride from home. I graduated from high school and went to college when I was fifteen. I wasn't a prodigy of any kind, but I was a bright kid and skipped some grades. It seemed a good idea for me to get to college as soon as I could, because I knew I had a long pull after that—going on to medical school."

Although Thomas took the standard premedical course at Princeton, which included a good deal of chemistry, physics, and biology, his interest in being a doctor flagged during his first three years and revived only in his senior year, when he began to study advanced biology. It was at this time that he began reading and writing poetry. Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot were his favorites, and he wrote poems "in bursts"—first for *The Princeton Tiger*, and later, when he was an interne, for publications like *The Atlantic*. He still writes poetry, which in the past five years has been published in several magazines.

In 1933, when Thomas began his studies at Harvard Medical School, doctors were for the most part not taught to cure disease, and were not particularly expected to bring about cures. "The great thing was to find out the *name* of the disease and then to let nature take its course," he told me. "We were taught to make very accurate diagnoses, so that accurate prognosis was possible. Patients and their families could be told not only the name of the illness but also, with some reliability, how it was likely to turn out. We were taught how to give 'supportive treatment,' which consisted in large part of plain common sense: good nursing care, appropriate bed rest, a sensible diet, the avoidance of traditional nostrums and patent medicines, and a measured degree of trust that nature, in taking its course, would very often bring things to a satisfactory conclusion."

Dr. Thomas went on, "We were given a thin blue book called 'Useful Drugs,' which had about a hundred pages. In my father's time, by the way, the textbooks on therapeutics were far more elaborate than anything I ever saw, and the pharmacopoeia he used was enormous—consisting mostly of plant extracts that were to be mixed according to meticulously worked-out formulas. Three-quarters of a century ago, it was the general belief that a highly skilled physician was one who could write a long Latin prescription that combined eight or ten different drugs. None of this could conceivably have had any beneficial effect. In retrospect, I realize most of it must have been totally worthless. This was beginning to be recognized by a few physicians at that time—notably, Sir William Osler. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes felt that if one took the whole pharmacopoeia that was then in use and threw it into the ocean the health of the country would be improved. By the time I became a medical student, all this had been replaced by a sort of therapeutic nihilism."

Dr. Thomas smiled. "Now the pharmacopoeia has got big again," he said. "The field is entirely different. A great many drugs have been developed since the nineteen-forties about which we have some real, solid scientific information, and most of them—not all of them—are genuinely effective in the treatment of disease. I have a suspicion that the drugs that are most widely used—which are, of course, the tranquillizers, or so-called tranquillizers—are more like placebos than any of the other things that we use these days. I am not sure that for the ordinary patient, with a transient anxiety, these drugs have much, or any, effect beyond their placebo effect. If someone is told he is going to be given a drug that will make him feel tranquil, placid, and relaxed, he's almost bound to feel that way—for a while, anyhow."

After medical school, Dr. Thomas

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did a two-year interneship on the Harvard Medical Service at the Boston City Hospital. "Everybody's general health in the late nineteen-thirties was what we would consider these days to be very bad indeed," he told me. "People were subject to dangerous, often lethal infections that we have forgotten all about. In the City Hospital in the winter months, during my interneship, every other bed was filled by someone with lobar pneumonia — pneumococcal pneumonia. The mortality rate—between twenty and fifty per cent—varied with the type of the pneumococcus. This was a very bad disease. Tuberculosis was common, and miliary tuberculosis and tuberculous meningitis were one hundred per cent fatal. We were still seeing typhoid fever. We had streptococcal septicemias and staphylococcal infections. They filled the wards, and people died of them all the time. Most of that run of disease has now vanished. One reason is that we have antibiotics that can prevent or terminate most of these infections.

"And yet people did not worry at that time in quite the same manner that they worry now. There was not that sort of fixed anxiety about health which one senses today. The health problems that now seem more conspicuous as threats are, in a way, more frightening to most people than the very acute short-lived but conclusively settled disease problems we used to have. Lobar pneumonia was a real threat to life, but either it cured itself or you were done for within ten days, and the same was true of most of the other major infections. Tuberculosis and syphilis were the two main long-drawn-out chronic diseases. Now, I think, people in general are more worried about other long-drawn-out diseases that are potentially fatal—especially cancer, but also heart disease, stroke, and rheumatoid arthritis. A lot of people are fearful about the kind of illness that is associated chiefly with old age. More of us have a real chance at a long life span—more of us have the opportunity of going on into advanced age. That accounts in part for the anxiety.

"But there is something else going on that I do *not* understand. There is a tendency for people to become not just dissatisfied but positively apprehensive when small imperfections in the system turn up: things that are clearly self-limited, that are going to get better in a day or two, now cause more anxiety than they used to—respiratory infections, gastro-intestinal upsets, a headache, various pains and aches that are part of normal living. These now tend to be interpreted as danger signals. All the patent medicines that television commercials spend so much time on are responsible, or partly responsible, for the population's becoming much more psychoneurotic about health than was once the case. Our people seem to feel constantly threatened by physical disintegration and failure, and that is something that I simply do *not* understand. As you look around, you see that most of the people you know are in reasonably good shape. We are not foundering as a population. We have too much heart disease, and heaven knows we have too much cancer. But we surely have a great deal less in the way of what used to be lethal disease. We're *very* much better off than we once were."

"What am I driving these days? I'm driving a sensible yet adequate fuel-saver these days. What are you driving these days?"

Dr. Thomas paused, and then continued, "One useful thing that could be done, which we have never done well, is to have more of the real contemporary information about human physiology and, maybe, pathology somehow incorporated much earlier into everybody's education. I am always astonished by how little my most highly educated and intelligent nonmedical friends actually know about the

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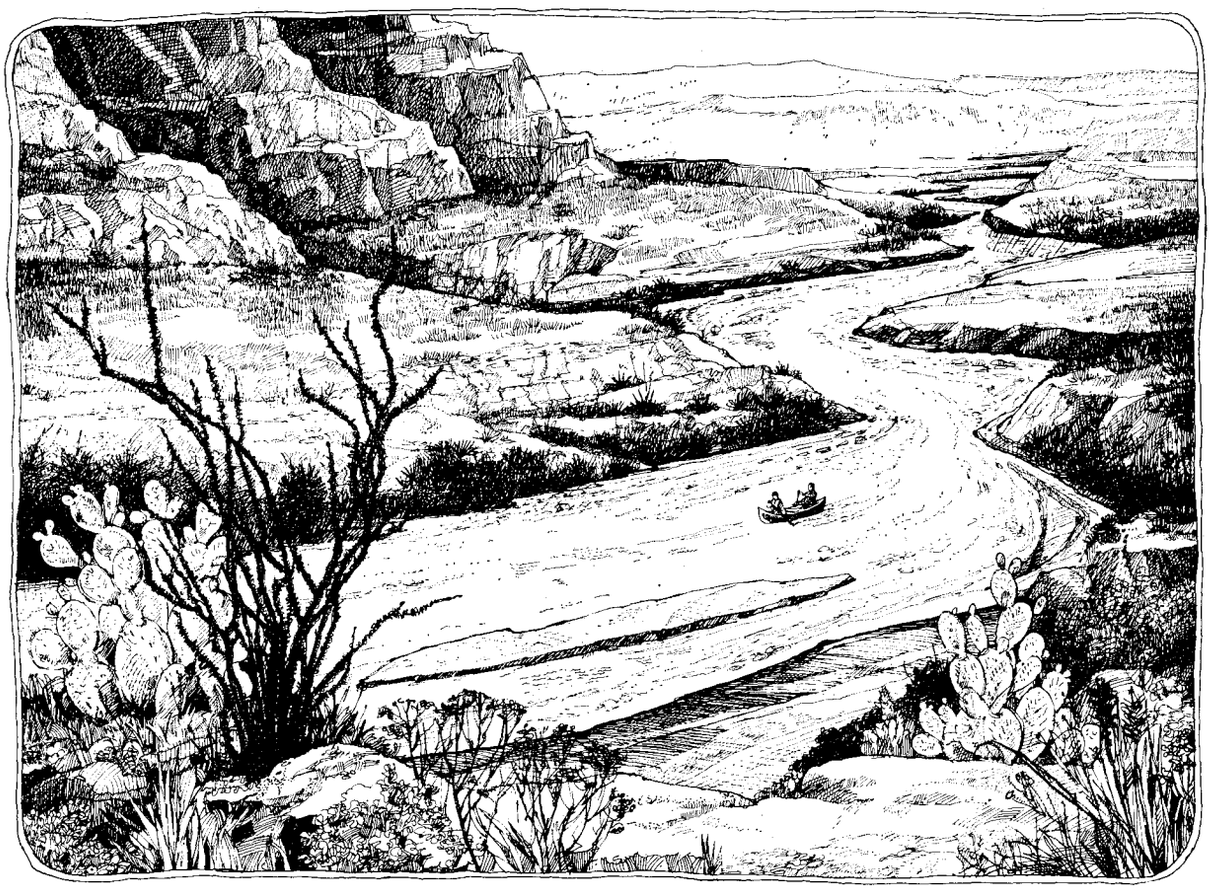
The Rio cost more than a grand.



In 1853, money took America to the banks. Of the Rio Grande.

In that year, the Gadsden Purchase further extended United States territory down the west bank of the mighty Rio Grande.

And established what today is the border between Mexico and the states of Arizona and New Mexico.

The cost: $10,000,000.

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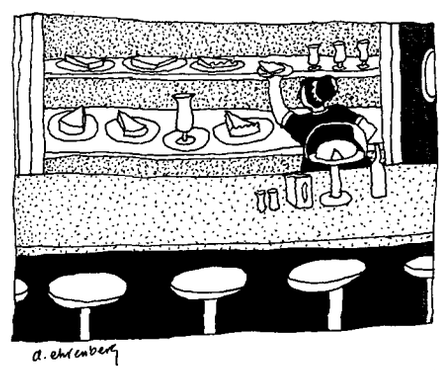
functions of the human body. They have the most bizarre ideas of the way things really work. And much of it is not all that complicated. Quite a lot of good, hard factual data could be made a part of everybody's store of information—in high-school education, in college—and yet we don't do this well. We have students learning what we call hygiene and what are regarded as good habits of living, but they don't seem to know what the liver is all about or what the spleen is up to or how the lungs and the heart really function. We don't know nearly as much about these things as we really would like to. The liver, for example, is still a considerable mystery. But we know an awful lot more than we did when I was a medical student forty years ago, and I would have thought that the level of general education would keep up with this, and that more of today's information would be known and understood by everybody—not reserved, as it is, just for the professionals."

Dr. Thomas reached for a pipe, and continued, "I think what people in general fail to perceive about the human body is that most of the things that seem to go wrong get better by themselves. Most illness is self-limited. The vast majority of illnesses that affect young people are self-limited. Because of the masterstroke of the antibiotics, the threat of infectious disease has been largely eliminated, and what young people are left with are mild, transient episodes of illness—illness that goes away by itself, that gets better in the morning.

"We now have an enormous bill for health in general in this country. When you add up the costs for doctors, hospitals, drugs, and so on, we spent over a hundred and twenty billion dollars on our personal health last year, and it has been estimated that if we keep on the way we have been for the last decade the country will be spending more than two hundred and fifty billion dollars on it in the nineteen-eighties, and that's getting to be a very significant part of the gross national product. A lot of that is hospitalization cost, but a lot of it is also the cost of seeing the doctor, and the cost of the things that happen almost automatically after one has seen the doctor—the laboratory tests, the X-rays, and the coming back for a review and a final checkup. All that runs into money. I have a hunch that quite a lot of it is really not necessary. It has become a sort of social custom with us.

"I think it would be much easier to defend that part of medicine if we really did have a strong base of preventive medicine. If only it were true that by detecting illness earlier we could do something to prevent it or to correct it! Regrettably, that isn't true, except for a small number of diseases. There are a few varieties of cancer which if you see them early on you can do something effective to stop—once and for all. This is also true of glaucoma, perhaps of hypertension, but that's about it. The bulk of the serious illnesses that we still have with us run their natural course, and they are sufficiently mystifying to medicine so that we can't do much to stop them. If the doctors of this country had more time to see patients who are genuinely in need of their services and could spend less time seeing patients who, when they come to the doctor's office, do not really have much of anything the matter with them but are there simply for a checkup, I think we would have much less complaining about the doctor shortage."

IN his two years at the Boston City Hospital, Dr. Thomas had become interested in specializing in diseases of the brain, and, wanting to learn neurology, he became a resident at the Neurological Institute at the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center, in New York, where he remained for the next two years—until 1941, which was when he concluded his formal clinical training. "By then, I knew that what I really wanted to do was research in medicine—that I wanted to stay in what we all called academic medicine," he said. "I went back to Boston, back to Harvard, and back to the City Hospital, where I had a fellowship to study meningitis infections of the brain." The fellowship paid eighteen hundred dollars a year, and this affluence enabled Thomas to marry Beryl Dawson, whom he had met at a dance when he was a sophomore in college and she was at Vassar. She lived in Kew Gardens and he lived in Flushing—Queens communities not far from each other. They were married in Manhattan on January 1, 1941. The Thomases have three daughters: Eliza, who is a library assistant at the Widener Library at Harvard; Judith, who is a technician in a cell-biology laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and Abigail Thomas Luttinger, a poet, who is married to the theoretical physicist Joaquin Luttinger, now chairman of the Physics Department at Columbia University. Mrs. Thomas functions as an editor—Thomas calls her his collaborator—for everything that her husband writes for publication. "She is an extraordinarily good critic," Thomas remarked recently. "She seems to have read just about everything, and she goes over everything I write and instinctively knows what is right and what isn't." A month after the Thomases were married, they went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, with a group of Harvard Medical School faculty members to study and help deal with an epidemic of meningitis that had broken out there. Mrs. Thomas worked in the bacteriology laboratory as a volunteer technician while her husband studied the effects of sulfadiazine, a new drug that turned out to be the most satisfactory drug for meningitis that had been found up to then. That was one of the few times Dr. Thomas has done clinical research involving patients. "As an experimental pathologist," he noted recently in conversation, "most of what I've done is to try to explore analogies for human disease states in animals. I've pretty much stayed in the laboratory, with experimental animals."



After a month in Halifax, Dr. Thomas and his wife returned to Boston, and remained there for a year and a half. In 1942, they moved to New York, where he joined the Naval Medical Research Unit attached to The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. The Rockefeller Institute had been established by John D. Rockefeller in 1901, with what was at that time a novel goal—to study the biological basis of disease. Most of the other institutes devoted to medical research, such as the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, had been set up to do research on specific diseases. The Institute was then—and, renamed The Rockefeller University, is now—situated along the East River, on a tract of land that at the time of its purchase was being used to graze goats. Its organization was developed in 1902 by the American physician Simon Flexner, who suggested that The Institute have an attached research hospital that could house sixty patients; the hospital was dedicated in 1910. Thomas M. Rivers, who was appointed its director in 1937, became a Navy captain during the war and was the head of the unit to which Dr.

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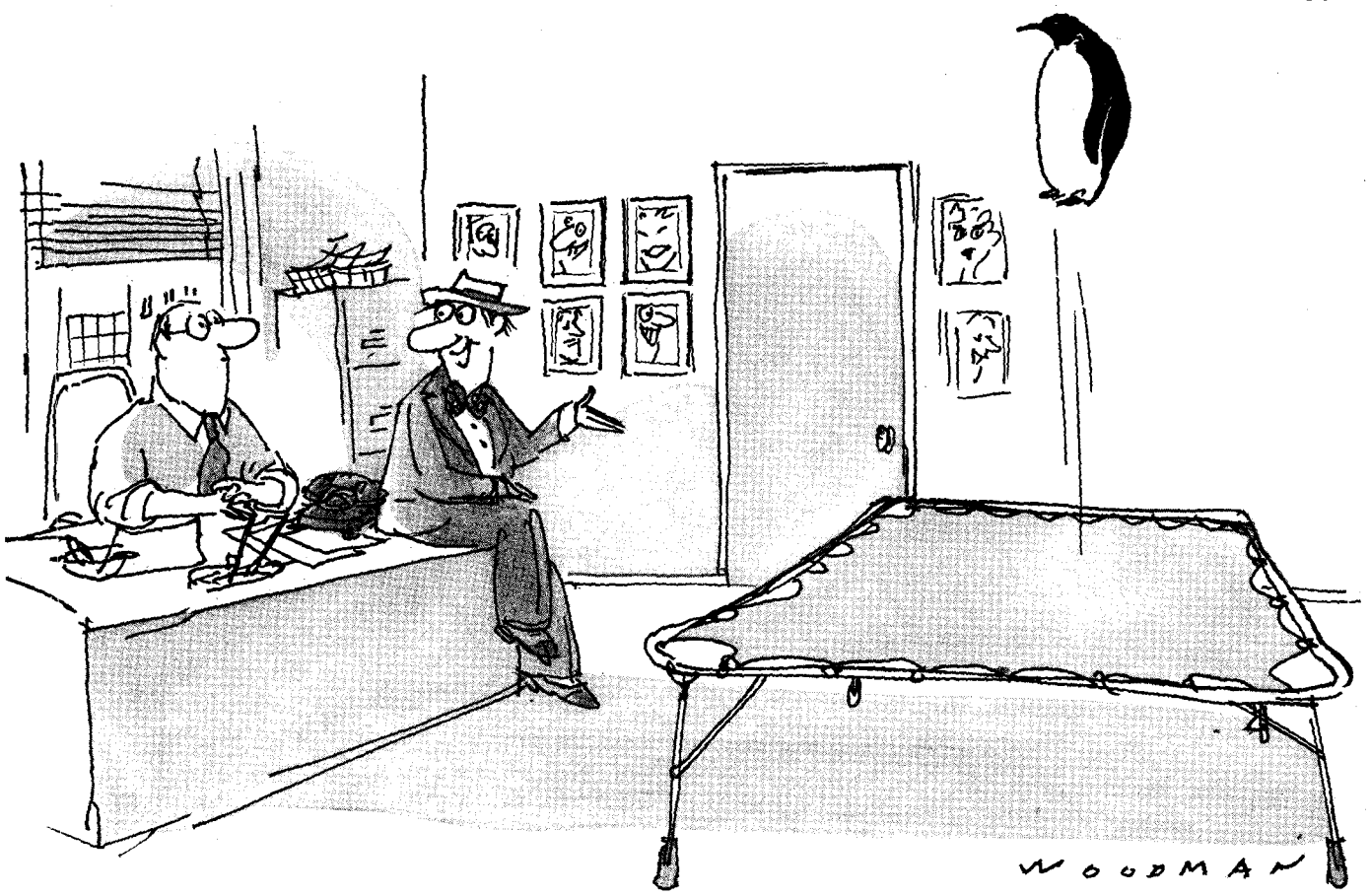

"Of course, right now it's only up and down, but we're working on the somersault."

• • •

Thomas was assigned. The Rockefeller Institute Hospital was equipped with almost every kind of medical specialist except a neurologist, so Dr. Thomas was taken on as a neurologist. "I was called to active duty in 1942, after I had had a year and a half in Boston, and I came down here with the expectation of being a neurologist for the Navy," he told me. "I ended up doing virology in Rivers' laboratory. Subsequently, in 1944, we went overseas, to Guam, and I had a virology lab of my own there, and then another virology lab that we set up in the field on Okinawa at the time of our invasion there."

I asked why the Navy, in the middle of the war, had set up a virology laboratory on a Pacific island that had just been captured.

"The Navy wanted to be sure that it would not get caught with unexpected epidemics among the men, and that the men didn't get into areas where there might be viral or rickettsial diseases that they hadn't counted on," Dr. Thomas replied. Howard Taylor Ricketts was an American pathologist who showed, in 1906, that Rocky Mountain spotted fever was carried by ticks and who discovered the micro-organism—called rickettsia, after him—that caused it. "Most of the group that had been assembled from the staff of The Rockefeller Institute was assigned to one or another of the possible areas of hazard that the Navy had in mind. My own assignment was scrub typhus, which was known to exist in the Pacific, although it was not known whether it existed on Okinawa. The laboratory on Guam served as the base from which people went out to various areas where questions had come up. I was sent in to Okinawa on April 2, 1945, the day after the invasion began, with a group of about a dozen scientists, which included virologists; rickettsiologists; parasitologists looking for the worms that cause schistosomiasis, which is due to a parasitic worm carried by snails; some entomologists interested in mosquitoes and mites and various other kinds of biting insects; and even several mammalogists and ornithologists. I had the distinction of being the only person to go over the side of the ship and wade ashore with a box of a hundred white mice on my shoulder. We were going to use them for isolating the rickettsiae if we found any."

Dr. Thomas continued, "As it turned out, there wasn't any scrub typhus on Okinawa, and had never been any, but there was Japanese B encephalitis, which was endemic on the island. The first cases broke out among the servicemen and, simultaneously, among the natives sometime in June. We succeeded in isolating the virus in our field laboratory, and it was identified by the base laboratory in Guam. Albert Sabin, representing the Army, had come to the island at about the same time, and he and I had laboratories that collaborated on the problem during the six months I stayed there. Sabin had already, in the States, developed a vaccine against Japanese B, since it was expected that we would run into that kind of encephalitis at one place or another in the Pacific. Vaccination would have been feasible, but, as it happened, the outbreak simply smoldered along, involving not many people either in the native population or among the troops, so no action was necessary to cope with it. We got evidence that the virus was probably carried in some of the birds on Okinawa. We found antibodies in some of the birds living on the island, and we found that all the adult horses on Okinawa had very high levels of the specific antibody against Japanese B virus. In one experiment, we were able to demonstrate that the virus could be transmitted to young horses and could be recovered in their blood over the next several days. That suggested to us that perhaps mosquitoes or other

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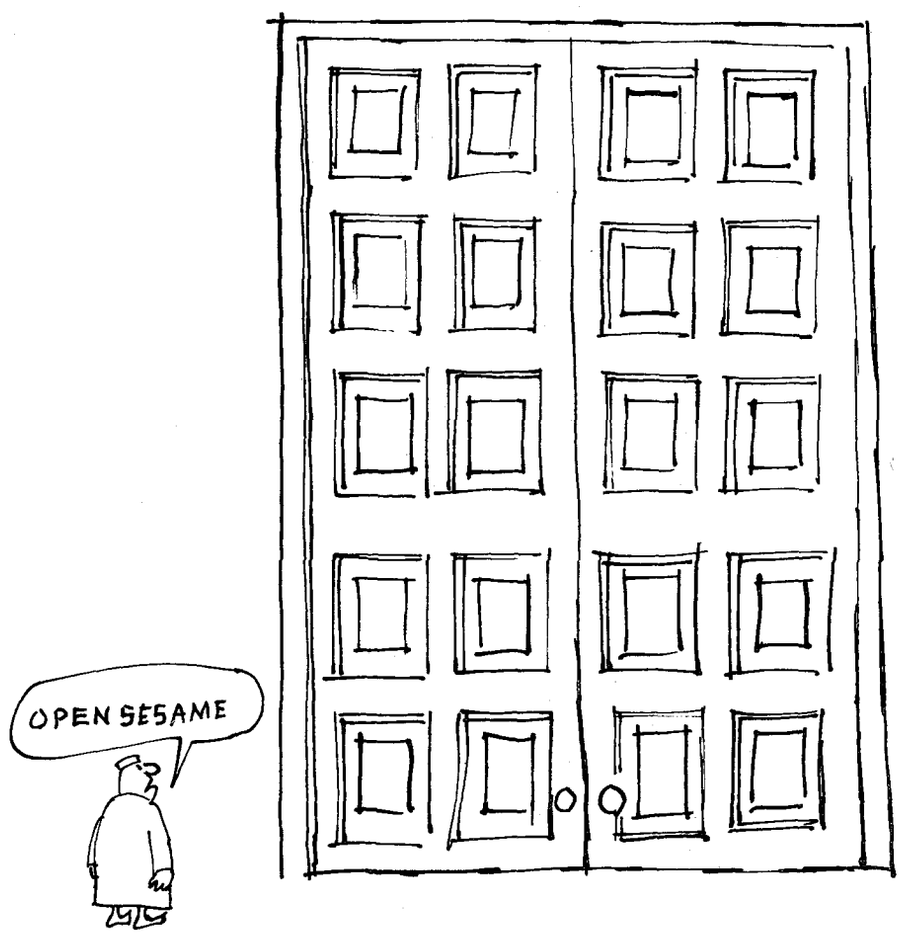
insects were carrying the virus back and forth between horses and men, and perhaps between birds and other animals. Since that time, it has become clear that various species of birds do carry this virus, and it's known that horses also carry it. As it happened, encephalitis was the only major health problem that we ran into."

By the time Dr. Thomas left for the Pacific, he had already acquired valuable experience in dealing with virus-carrying birds. His first research problem at Rockefeller had dealt with isolating the psittacosis virus—the one that brings on parrot fever. "It is one of the most dangerous organisms to work with that I have ever touched," Dr. Thomas said. "It seems to me, these days, that a great deal more concern is being voiced about recombinant DNA, whose hazards, I think, are very largely imaginary, and too little attention is being paid to how successful work in the past has been on agents where it was necessary to do research and where the research was very hazardous and where, on balance, very few episodes either of infection of the laboratory workers or of infection of anybody else ever occurred. We tend to exaggerate the danger of spreading potentially hazardous agents." He and his colleagues found that a great many of New York's pigeons have high concentrations of antibodies against parrot fever—meaning that the birds are, or have been, infected by the disease. According to Dr. Thomas, mice, rats, and cats in the city also carry viruses related to but less virulent than psittacosis.

"When I went to The Rockefeller, I became involved in the studies going on there on primary atypical pneumonia, which was then called viral pneumonia," Dr. Thomas went on. "This was a major problem in the armed forces in the early nineteen-forties. There was a considerable amount of apprehension about it, because it was a disease that spread rapidly through our troops here and abroad, and resulted in a lot of incapacitation and some deaths. The Navy was very much concerned about it, so a group of us at The Institute, who were then in the Navy, went to work on the problem of viral pneumonia. One of our contributions was the isolation of an organism—not a virus but a streptococcus—which we named streptococcus MG. That's because the first patient we got it from was named McGinnis. We were interested in that organism because it was found that a majority of patients with viral pneumonia developed high concentrations of a specific antibody against that streptococcus within two weeks after the pneumonia infection. This suggested to us that perhaps the streptococcus itself was implicated in the causation of the disease. As it turned out, no such connection could be established, and we never did find out why it was that patients with that type of pneumonia selectively made an antibody against that particular streptococcus and not against any other. One side product of that investigation was that the laboratory test for antibodies against streptococcus MG had some usefulness as a diagnostic test for viral pneumonia."

IN 1946, Dr. Thomas left the Navy and returned to a laboratory at The Rockefeller Institute. "I thought I would be staying there, but then I was offered a position in the Department of Pediatrics of The Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, with an opportunity to do research on rheumatic fever in children," he told me. "I was not a trained pediatrician—my training had been a combination of internal medicine and neurology—but I decided to go, because of the interest I had in that particular disease and in infectious diseases in general."

By the nineteen-thirties, it had been conclusively established that rheumatic fever is an aftereffect of a primary infection of a specific streptococcus—the so-called group A hemolytic streptococci. People do not get rheumatic fever unless they have been infected by this streptococcus, and that discovery has led to the use of antibiotics that have all but eliminated the disease in America. "There is something bizarre about the illness," Dr. Thomas noted. "When rheumatic fever develops, it does not do so for ten days or two weeks after the first infection, usually in the throat—by which time the original throat infection has already disappeared. The disease has some similarities to a generalized allergic reaction," Thomas said. "It is as though the streptococcus infection had turned on some kind of highly inappropriate immunological reaction, in which the host's own defense mechanisms have brought about damage to his organs—in this case, the heart. I became interested in the use of cortisone, which was then becoming available, in the treatment of rheumatic fever. I was one of the early skeptics about the effectiveness of cortisone for this. We did some clinical research on it. Cortisone appeared to switch off the symptoms of rheumatic fever—patients felt and looked a great deal better—but the amount of heart-valve damage was about the same. The patients were not fundamentally better off than pa-



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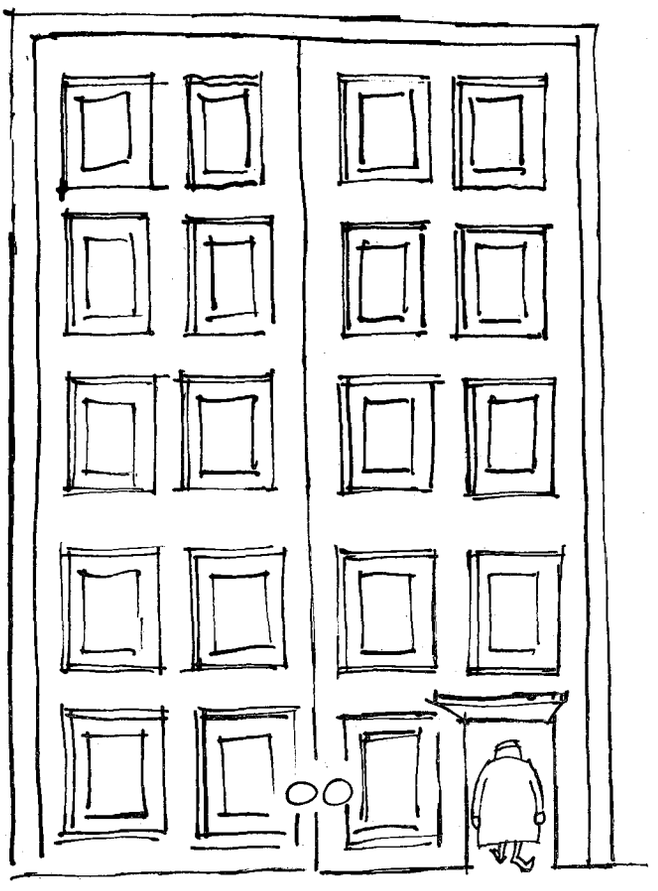
tients who had not been treated with cortisone. About that time, I encountered another phenomenon involving cortisone that turned out to be quite interesting. My colleagues and I discovered that rabbits treated with cortisone became extremely vulnerable to infection by a variety of bacteria—particularly the streptococcus. It was later shown that human patients became vulnerable to infections after cortisone treatment, and cortisone was recognized as being potentially a very hazardous form of therapy. I spent the next few years trying to find out why cortisone had the remarkable effect of at the same time damping down inflammatory reactions—suppressing inflammation—in general and opening up approaches on the part of bacteria for becoming established and producing overwhelming and often lethal infections. That problem remains unsolved. We're still not certain how cortisone does eliminate host defenses against infection. This continues to be one of the most interesting problems in immunology." It was Dr. Thomas's work on the experimental pathology of rheumatic fever and related pathological phenomena which led him to suspect that much, if not most, of the damage caused by disease results not from anything intrinsically toxic about the invader but from a misreading of signals by the host, which then unleashes an overwhelming and inappropriate defense reaction; these defense mechanisms may cause the damage.

After two years at Johns Hopkins, Dr. Thomas was asked by the Tulane University School of Medicine, in New Orleans, to set up and run a Division of Infectious Diseases. He spent two years there, too, and was then offered a chair that spanned the Departments of Internal Medicine and Pediatrics at the University of Minnesota Medical School, in Minneapolis, where he was again able to study rheumatic fever in children. It was at Minnesota that Dr. Thomas did his major work on cortisone. He remained at Minnesota until mid-1954, when he was asked to come to New York University-Bellevue Medical Center to set up and become the chairman of a Department of Pathology. He also became a member of the New York City Board of Health. He spent some time at City Hall, trying to persuade the city to rebuild Bellevue Hospital, which eventually came about in 1958. "It sounds as if I could never quite hold a job," Dr. Thomas remarked. "I was head of the Department of Pathology until 1958, when I was appointed chairman of the Department of Medicine and director of the N.Y.U. Medical Service at Bellevue Hospital Center. I stayed in that job for a record time—until 1966, when I was made dean of the N.Y.U. School of Medicine. In 1969, when I joined the Yale University School of Medicine's Department of Pathology, as professor and chairman, I had an opportunity to spend more time on research for a while, but after three years I was appointed dean of the School of Medicine, and I remained in that job until I came here to Sloan-Kettering. In retrospect, I must say that I enjoyed the kind of administrative work I did, which mainly involved putting something together—a division or a department that had to be either started from scratch or put back together again. I am not sure that I would enjoy it now, in the kind of decade we are in. You have to remember that during those years—beginning in the late nineteen-forties—the National Institutes of Health, through the Research Grants Office, made it possible to build new enterprises with a certain amount of security as far as being able to fund research was concerned, which is no longer the case."



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After a pause, Dr. Thomas went on, "I've always kept a laboratory going, wherever I was. I did so when I was dean at N.Y.U. and when I was dean at Yale and I do so now. I would miss not having a laboratory. It's more than just a hobby—it doesn't feel right to me not to have something going on in research." Indeed, our conversations were occasionally interrupted by telephone calls from Dorothy McGregor, who was collaborating with Dr. Thomas on his research, and who gave him up-to-the-minute reports on what was happening downstairs in the lab. "I get to our laboratory for part of just about every day," Thomas told me. "It's not a big enterprise. It's a very small laboratory, with no one in it but Miss McGregor and me."

I asked what he was working on at present, and he replied, with evident enthusiasm, "We have three problems. The first one concerns the morphology of bacterial protoplasts and their role in infectious disease. The second involves endotoxins, which I have been working on since 1950, when I was at Minnesota. The third one has to do with olfaction." Protoplasts are bacteria that have lost their walls and acquired different properties because of the loss, he explained. "We are studying the possibility that protoplasts may be implicated in certain chronic infections in man. It is something I have been interested in for the past eight years." Endotoxins are bacterial parasites whose poison is

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released only when the endotoxin is broken up. This release appears to happen by a sort of allergic reaction in the host cells. It is as if the host cells misread the innocent nature of the endotoxins, and the defense reaction of the cells released the very poisons that are most dangerous to the cell. There is a breakdown in communication between the host and the parasite. Dr. Thomas told me that this was the sort of thing he had in mind when he wrote that disease "usually results from inconclusive negotiations for symbiosis, an overstepping of the line by one side or the other, a biologic misinterpretation of borders." He went on to say, "What we have been doing is to study the reactions that occur in the cells of the horseshoe crab, Limulus, when they come in contact with endotoxins. This has turned out to be a useful way of detecting very small amounts of endotoxin. Anything we can learn about endotoxins is particularly relevant to what we are doing here at Sloan-Kettering, since it has been known for a long time that endotoxins have a rather special necrotizing effect on rapidly growing tumors."

Dr. Thomas paused, and then continued, "As for olfaction, I made a prediction several years ago in a talk I gave, and then in a paper I published, that there had to be an odorant that we and other animals emit which marks each of us biologically as our individual selves. There is a lot of evidence for this in animals other than man. From behavioral studies, it is known that bullheads are able to recognize the smell of other bullheads, as individuals—by name, as it were. Minnows can recognize other minnows as individuals—not just as minnows as a class but as persons. And there has always been evidence that tracking hounds can distinguish one human being from another by scent. There are two papers, by the way, that indicate that identical twins cannot be clearly distinguished by tracking hounds. My prediction was that in the best of worlds it would turn out that the genetic basis for that kind of marking would be very closely related, if not identical, to the genetic determinants that mark our cells and tissues—to the immunologic machinery that is responsible for the specific rejection of skin grafts and grafts of other tissues from one individual to another. It seemed to me that nature would not be as parsimonious as nature ordinarily is if two totally unrelated genetic systems had been set up for this kind of self-identification.

"Here at Sloan-Kettering, Dr. Edward Boyse and his wife, Jeanette, breed special 'congenic' inbred strains of mice that differ from one another only by a single group of genes: the so-called H-2 locus, which is responsible for histo-compatibility—immunological marking of grafted tissues or of transplanted organs. Jeanette Boyse noticed from observing their breeding behavior that these mice were able to distinguish between themselves and other mice that differed only by H-2. Male mice were seen to show a preference for mating with females of a particular H-2 type, indicating that mice can sense one another's H-2 histo-compatibility types. The conclusion we finally arrived at was that the gene locus is in fact the same for the compatibility of tissues and for the olfactants that identify oneself as oneself."

Dr. Thomas added, "And Dr. Peter Andrews, of our group, is now involved with the head of the Baltimore City Canine Training Center, the dog tracking service, in the Baltimore City Police Department—Sergeant Thomas Knott. The dogs are used mostly to smell out explosives, narcotics, or people, and they are extremely sensitive. We are trying to find out if they can tell the difference between closely related individuals, to find out if the equivalent gene locus in human beings—the H-LA locus, it's called—is also responsible for our self-marking odorants. We are also trying to find out if we can train the hounds to tell the difference between two congenic lines of mice just by sniffing them or their cages or something connected with them. I don't know how *that* is going to come out. All this bears on what we are trying to do at Sloan-Kettering. It has a bearing on the problem of the genetic determinants of self-marking mechanisms, which is one aspect of the cancer problem. Any information that bears on the human immunologic system which recognizes foreign cells or foreign tissues is relevant to what we are up to here. We manage to keep those three things going. They have their ups and downs, but if we are lucky we hit one going up when the others are going down."

THE collection of essays that led to "The Lives of a Cell" began almost accidentally. In 1970, when Dr. Thomas was at Yale working on experimental pathology, he was invited to give a lecture for a symposium at Brook Lodge, outside Kalamazoo, Michigan. This symposium was one of a series of seminars for people in the biomedical field, bringing together about forty participants from all over the world. The seminars are sponsored by The Upjohn Company, a leading pharmaceutical firm. This particular one was on the general subject of inflammation. "I had not been working closely in the field myself for several years," Dr. Thomas told me. "So I decided to put together a rather general paper about inflammation and what I thought it might signify as a process in biology. The talk was published in book form as 'Immunopathology of Inflammation,' and it was printed up by the sponsors of the meeting, and Franz Ingelfinger got a copy of it."

Franz Josef Ingelfinger was for ten years the editor of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, a weekly publication of the Massachusetts Medical Society. It is the oldest and among the most distinguished of American medical magazines. "Ingelfinger is an old friend of mine," Dr. Thomas explained. "We were internes together at the Boston City Hospital back in 1937-38. He had been in academic medicine himself—had been a professor at the Boston University School of Medicine before he became editor of the *Journal*, ten years ago. When he got a copy of my talk, he wrote to me and said that he liked the way some of the things in it had come out, and would I be interested in doing a column for the *New England Journal of Medicine*. He spelled out the terms. I would have to stay within the limit of two pages—around two thousand words. In return for that, he promised that whatever I sent in, if it was accepted, would not be edited by anybody. And that was irresistible, so I decided I would try it.

"At the time this happened, we were at Yale, but we had a house near the Marine Biological Laboratory, at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, where I also had a small lab. My wife and I used to drive up to Woods Hole on Friday nights from New Haven. I would start writing Friday night and finish an essay Sunday night. I wrote four or five essays, and then I wrote Ingelfinger a letter and said that maybe that was enough—I ought to stop it. But he wrote back and said no, I'd better not, they were kind of interesting, and would I keep on. After I got started, I found that I couldn't write any differently. I had to write something that was around two thousand words—not

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much more than that. When I found that I was writing something longer than that, I also realized that it wasn't going well. That length seemed to be very congenial to me. I was never quite sure in advance what I would be writing about, and I usually became convinced during the month that I would not have an essay that month. But as it turned out I was really pretty good about it. I got around thirty of them done before the book came out. I was surprised when I found that someone thought that the essays could be a book, because I hadn't realized that they were that much connected to each other. I am still writing them."

I remarked to Dr. Thomas that a number of the ideas in "The Lives of a Cell" had been entirely novel to me. One of the things that had struck me most was that the book offered a completely different way of looking at the nature of disease. I was one of those people Dr. Thomas wrote of who believed that there was something inevitable about disease—that it was somehow an essential part of human existence. I found it perfectly reasonable that the astronauts returning from the moon should be quarantined until it was known whether or not they had brought back some unknown infectious agent. Consequently, I was especially impressed by the observation in "The Lives of a Cell" that "it takes long intimacy, long and familiar interliving, before one kind of creature can cause illness in another." I asked Dr. Thomas about this and about the nature of disease in general.

"I have a notion that to be a pathogen, and especially to be a pathogen for us, really takes a long period of interliving and a lot of familiarity," he replied. "We don't really know very much about most infectious diseases beyond knowing the names of the infectious agents. We don't know as much as we should about how they cause tissue destruction—how they cause what we recognize as disease. But it does look as though part of the mechanism were in the elaboration by invading organisms of signals, and of misleading signals. There's a certain molecular mimicry that seems to go on in disease. I will give you several examples of what I have in mind.

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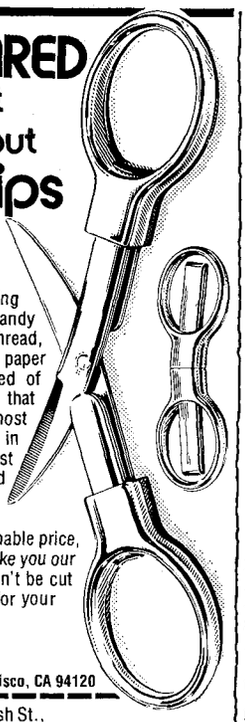

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to have been infected by a virus. A perfectly healthy diphtheria bacillus is innocuous. It's not until it has been invaded by a phage—a bacterial parasite—and has incorporated the genetic content of the phage into its own genetic content that it has the information for making diphtheria toxin. There has been speculation that the information that comes in by way of the phage may itself have come long ago from eukaryotic cells, which are nucleated cells, like ours. To a degree, therefore, it looks as though some infectious diseases were really accidents—biological accidents.

"Take meningitis—meningococcic meningitis, which is epidemic meningitis. When you first look at it, it looks as though the meningococcus were a predator bent on getting into the meninges and invading the central nervous system of human beings. But when you analyze epidemics of this disease, it turns out that an actual case of meningitis is a relatively rare event. In a population undergoing an epidemic, virtually everyone is infected by the meningococcus. Most of the people have positive throat cultures—virulent meningococci living in the mucosa at the back of the nose or the throat—and many of these people have in their blood detectable antibodies against the organism. But only a very few of them—a few thousand out of hundreds of thousands—get meningitis. For most of them, it's a mild, really unapparent respiratory-tract infection. In my view, most infectious disease doesn't make any biological sense. It's a sort of no-win game. The meningococcus has nothing to gain that I can discern from getting into the bloodstream and infecting the central nervous system. The organism gets along fine by living in the nasal and throat mucosa of the host. It must be even more of a catastrophe for a meningococcus to catch a man than it is for a man to catch a meningococcus."

Dr. Thomas paused for a few moments. "Then, there are infections caused by the gram-negative bacteria—'gram-negative' being a taxonomic term based on the Gram's stain," he went on, and he explained that the stain process is named after Hans Christian Joachim Gram, a Danish physician, who died in 1938. "All such organisms stain purple in the Gram's stain," he said. "Most of the gram-negative organisms possess at their surfaces endotoxins that are incorporated into the surface wall and are released when the organism dies. Nobody really knows how an endotoxin works, but what it does when it is injected into animals, or when we are exposed to it through an infection, is to cause a complex series of reactions, any one of which would be classed as an important part of illness-high fever, and when the dose is large enough shock develops, with the bottom dropping out of the blood pressure, followed by coma and death. There are peculiar kinds of hemorrhagic reactions that occur in the skin and in a lot of internal organs, and it looks as though a lot of important physiological mechanisms had been unhinged by this toxin. But when you look at an endotoxin closely it's difficult to find anything about it that is really toxic, in the sense that it inflicts a primary kind of damage. It doesn't poison the cells if you put it in cell cultures. It looks more like a signal than like a toxin. Indeed, Dr. Robert Good and I found out long ago that if you pretreat animals with cortisone and then inject them with an endotoxin, the signal is no longer read and none of these things occur in the animals. An endotoxin is innocuous. I think the way it works is that cortisone has the effect of shutting off—for a time, anyway—the inflammatory reaction, and defense reactions in general. I think it will turn out to be the case that the reaction to an endotoxin is the mobilization of a whole lot of different, unrelated defense mechanisms, which are all turned on at once—something like a panic. It's just a great big biological mistake. But it is also a kind of prototype for infectious disease. There are not many infectious diseases in which you can prove actual direct damage to cells or tissues by the invading organism."

Dr. Thomas gave me a specific example of how the system's defenses work against the organism they theoretically protect. "There is a virus disease that is called lymphocytic choriomeningitis," he said. "It has been studied a lot in mice, because it is endemic in mice. The full-blown disease, which can be produced by injecting a mouse with the virus, is a very serious acute meningitis, with a lot of lymphocytes, or lymph cells, suddenly appearing in the spinal fluid and covering, as though invading, the surface of the brain and the inside of the ventricles of the brain. It's a lethal infection that proceeds very rapidly, and the animals all die. If you give the virus to a newborn mouse, however, or, better yet, to a mouse that is still a fetus, then none of these things occur. The virus lives in the animal

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while he is growing up. It replicates; you can always demonstrate a living virus in the bloodstream, but there's no meningitis and no brain disease. Later on, there are some ill effects. The animals age more rapidly, and they're more likely to develop kidney disease and thus die earlier than normal animals, but they don't get this special disease that is so characteristic when an animal is confronted with the virus for the first time after he is past the neonatal period. It was shown by several people some time ago that if you take an animal that has the virus in him but is not reacting to it, and transfer to him lymphocytes or a lymph node from a normal animal, he will get the classic disease. This is because these newly transferred lymphocytes *are* able to recognize the virus and react to it. The animal that is infected in the newborn period has become what we call tolerant, and the cells of his immunological system are unable to recognize the virus as a foreign agent.

"The tolerant mouse that has been given a lymph node from a normal mouse dies because of the invasion of his central nervous system by lymphocytes—not by the virus. The virus itself is not doing him any harm, as far as one can tell; the virus doesn't damage brain cells—it doesn't damage the surface of the brain. His own immunologic reaction to the virus is what kills the animal. The tolerant animals, which are able to sustain a heavy burden of the live replicating virus, eventually die of kidney disease. But even this is due to the immunologic reaction. That is so because they succeed in making so much circulating antibody to the virus that over a period of time it forms complexes with the virus, and the insoluble complexes are deposited in the glomeruli—the blood vessels—of the kidney, and the kidney is eventually destroyed by that. Though this does the animal in, he's really being done in by his own defense mechanism."

This view of infectious disease as the misreading of signals between the invader and the host has some fascinating implications. For the signals to be misread, they must first be read. If a signal is too strange, it will simply be ignored. This appears to explain why certain diseases are specific to certain forms of life, and not to others.

"It has been a preoccupation of infectious-disease investigators for a great many years to try to set up animal models for specific human diseases, but, as it has turned out, that is very difficult to do," Dr. Thomas told me when I asked about this. "For instance, no one has succeeded in reproducing classic lobar pneumonia in experimental animals. One can infect them with the pneumococcus and produce septicemia, which in the case of mice actually kills them, but one cannot reproduce the human lung disease—the lobar pneumonia. Pathogens are highly specialized for a particular host. As an example, I have worked with, and still work with, peculiar organisms that are called mycoplasmas. A mycoplasma is structurally somewhat like a small bacterium, but it doesn't have any cell wall. It is a separate species of creature—unrelated, really, to bacteria. It is the smallest free-living form of life—that is, it is bigger than a virus—but it is the smallest thing that can get along on its own, unlike a virus, which has to live inside a cell. These organisms are fascinating precisely because of the high degree of host specificity that they demonstrate. There is one mycoplasma—one strain of the gallisepticum mycoplasma—that causes serious illness in turkeys. The turkey, I can assure you, is one of the hardest animals to work with that I have ever had in a laboratory. If you infect a turkey with this strain of gallisepticum mycoplasma, it develops a systemic disease of the small arteries, with lesions that closely resemble a human disease called polyarteritis nodosa. They look something like the lesions that also occur in malignant hypertension. Every artery in the turkey brain is involved in this disease. It is a highly lethal infection, and only a very small dose of mycoplasma is required to produce the full-blown disease and death. When this disease occurs, I am told, the turkey flocks are got rid of, not because it is hazardous to human beings but because it is an economic hazard to turkey raisers. One cannot produce any disease, or any lesion at all, in a chicken, or in a mouse or a rat or a guinea pig, or in any other animal that I have tested, no matter how much of the mycoplasma you give it. This organism is adapted to the turkey. It will infect only the turkey. In fact, the injected mycoplasmas in the turkey take up residence only in the walls of the arteries, and this implies that there is some kind of recognition system going on there. There is something that labels the mycoplasma and the arterial wall as matching in some way. The mycoplasma migrates selectively to this one particular part of the turkey, and to no part of any other species of bird or mammal. I think that this strain of gallisepticum mycoplasma, which is the

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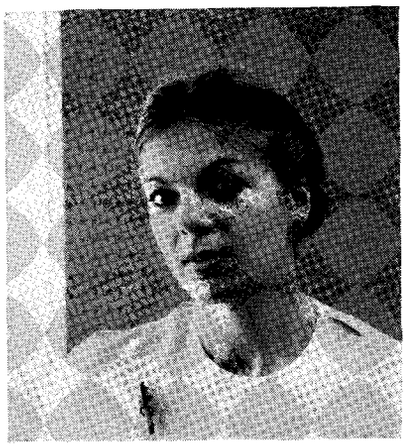

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only one that can produce arterial lesions—the others are a common cause of upper-respiratory disease in turkeys—may be a mutant. In my opinion, one population of gallisepticum mycoplasma underwent a mutation somewhere in California and developed this new property of being able to infect, and to elaborate a toxin within, the arterial wall. Perhaps a bacteriophage got into that particular mycoplasma and has conferred on it this property of producing a unique disease."

All this being the case, I asked, what chance would there be for a virus or something like a virus from the moon or Mars—if such a virus exists—to cause pathogenicity in earthly life forms?

"I think that if there should be a live agent on the moon or on Mars it would in all probability not be equipped with membrane markers of its own that could be recognized by us, or by any other animals, or by plants," Dr. Thomas told me. "I doubt whether we would have anything nutritionally to offer that would be special for such a microbe. It might live on the earth, all right, because it might be able to make use of things that are in the air or in the soil, but I doubt very much whether it could learn its way, all that quickly, into our kind of complexity, and form the kind of attachment that has to be formed for disease to occur. I can't imagine its being able to catch hold of our kind of life and get into it with the intimacy that is required for what we know as pathogenesis—to get things sorted out, to recognize the parts of a cell with the exactness that microbes do display when they are infectious agents. I just cannot imagine this taking place."

Dr. Thomas continued, "In fact, I think the general rule in nature which most micro-organisms follow when they are living in association with what we call higher forms is for the arrangement to be symbiotic. In the first place, most bacteria, of which there are, I suppose, millions of tons on the planet, are in no sense pathogens for anything. The occupation of most microbial life is to recycle things—get rid of dead matter by causing it to decay to the point where it can go back into the cycle of life. But there is a small minority of that enormous population of microbes that live as symbionts with eukaryotic forms, and they're terribly important.

"The classic examples that everyone cites for this are the rhizobial bacteria that live in the root nodules of leguminous plants and are responsible for nitrogen fixation. There is a lot of specificity to this—certain species of rhizobial bacteria live in certain species of plants, and can live only in those species. If you extract lectins, or glycoproteins, from different varieties of legumes, you find that the lectins are attached preferentially to the cell surfaces of the rhizobial bacteria from a particular plant, and are not attached to the cell surfaces of rhizobial bacteria from unrelated plants. There's a very carefully worked out molecular recognition system between the micro-organism and the host, and it's entirely beneficial to both parties. And there are organs in insects that are made up of bacteria. Nobody knows what they do, except that they're indispensable. If you get rid of them with antibiotics, the insects die off after a while. Cockroaches have highly specialized bacteria living in their tissues all the time. Obviously, ruminants—cows and the like—couldn't survive without the bacterial populations that they have for breaking down cellulose. Termites couldn't live without having protozoans that are responsible for digesting their wood, and those protozoans couldn't do that without the bacteria that they contain as symbionts—the bacteria that provide the enzymes to do the job. That is, I think, a much more common arrangement in nature than disease—than infectious disease."

After a pause, Dr. Thomas went on, "I think that every now and then organisms that may have been set up originally to live in that kind of accommodation have been subject to a mistake. Either the organism itself has overstepped the line between symbiosis and parasitism or something has happened to the host mechanism which allows this funny kind of alarm reaction to occur in the face of signals coming from bacterial populations. There really aren't many diseases in which the bacteria come in and absolutely overwhelm the host and destroy it cell by cell. There are some, though. Anthrax is a disease in which the host is killed by the sheer mass of the invaders. The anthrax bacillus grows so rapidly that it almost occludes the circulation, and also it elaborates some kind of toxic material. But for most infectious diseases it's not that way at all. It's the overreactivity on the part of the host that does the damage."

This discussion raised the question

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of how many diseases—serious, incapacitating diseases—there are that lack adequate remedies. Is the list finite, or does a new disease occur to replace any that has been eradicated?

"I would put the list at about twenty-five," Dr. Thomas said. "There are a lot more than twenty-five illnesses, but I am narrowing it down to what I would regard as the major problems—the ones that are chiefly responsible for incapacitation or premature death. That list has from twenty to twenty-five items, which include cancer, stroke, heart diseases, schizophrenia, arthritis, kidney failure, cirrhosis, and the degenerative diseases associated with aging. There are a lot of diseases that are uncommon—in our kind of society, at least—and so are not major problems for us. In the so-called underdeveloped world, there are diseases that turn out to be, when they are different from ours, infections that could probably be controlled by our kind of technology, if it were available to the people. There are also in these societies protozoal infections and parasites and nutritional diseases that we don't have and don't understand. But, even so, the list of diseases is finite, contrary to what most people think. People seem to think that there is just no end to the things that can go wrong with us."

I next raised the question of maladies like Legionnaires' disease and some of the new lethal diseases in Africa that seem to arise out of nowhere.

"It is true, and I guess it has always been true, that from time to time what seem to be totally new kinds of disease appear," Dr. Thomas observed. "But I don't think anybody can ever be certain that a disease is really new, because of the possibility that it has always been around but we haven't had the diagnostic techniques available to uncover it or that it has been so infrequent that it has gone unnoticed. It's been a long time, though, since we have had anything brand-new turning up in the way of disease—something unfamiliar that affected a whole lot of people and that hadn't been seen before. I think that the last time that happened was in 1917 and 1918. In those years, there was the epidemic of Economo's disease—a worldwide epidemic of encephalitis that resulted in parkinsonism in many people—and there was also the 1918 epidemic of influenza. Both of those were apparently new diseases. When we look back, we see that there have always been outbreaks of new diseases, or diseases not recognized before, which turned up and swept across the scene and then vanished, like the sweating illness of medieval times. It is sometimes said, because every now and then a new disease is reported, like Legionnaires' disease, that we are always at risk of being endangered by a new disease—that even if we do enough good science and develop a technology that is as effective for, say, stroke or heart disease or arthritis as the antibiotics are for things like pneumonia and meningitis, there will be a new disease to come in and take its place. But there is no evidence for that. We really have got rid of a fair number of very important diseases, or nearly got rid of them, in the last half century. As far as I know, nothing has come in to take the place of diphtheria or whooping cough or poliomyelitis or lobar pneumonia, which is now an uncommon disease, or epidemic meningitis. We seem to be getting along fine without them. I think there is something primitive about the idea that it is our destiny to have a kind of allotment, a quota of disease—that we are always obliged to have a certain number of diseases, and that if we get rid of today's diseases there will be new ones ready to take over. I think that's probably nonsense."

Dr. Thomas went on, "Some of the diseases we have almost got rid of are diseases about which there would have been general agreement less than a hundred years ago that they were the major scourges of mankind. The best example of this, I think, is tuberculosis, which really endangered everybody in the nineteenth century and in the first part of this century—even people who were able to live in what for that time was affluence. There were some things that could be done about tuberculosis when it was recognized that it was a bacterial infection. That occurred in the eighteen-eighties. It then became possible to identify early cases and isolate them; sanatoriums were set up and the incidence of the disease began to fall. But it wasn't until streptomycin, and the improved antibiotics that were developed after streptomycin, that it became possible to get rid of the disease. Tuberculosis still occurs, but now when it does we can turn it off. We can turn it off even when it is in what used to be its most lethal form. The most lethal disease that I ever had to deal with when I was in training was tuberculous meningitis. It was one of the few diseases that everyone knew

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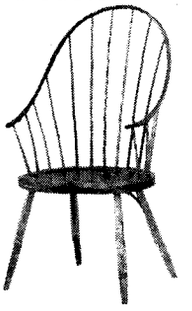

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then were a hundred per cent fatal—everyone knew there was nothing at all to do about them. And now that disease can be turned off, in just no time at all, with proper treatment. But a century ago we were using the same kind of rhetoric in talking about tuberculosis that is now used in talking about rheumatoid arthritis and the rest. We thought that tuberculosis was an environmental disease. We had theories about air—bad air, moist air, night air—being responsible for it. Sunlight was supposed to be good for it. All kinds of diets were cooked up to influence it one way or another. Bed rest. Go to Arizona. Go to Switzerland. But the fact of the matter was that once one had a technology that would get rid of the tubercle bacillus, that was that.

"And since we have got rid of a few very important diseases, I think there is good reason to believe that we can keep at it. I don't think we've reached a point now—at least, not for any reason *I* can guess at—where we're suddenly stymied and stuck with the diseases left. I have to confess, however, that a lot of people in my field do think that we're now stopped. It has become something of a popular notion to say that the diseases we are left with now that we have got rid of the major infections are in some sense so complicated and so multifactorial, as the term goes—that they have something to do with the environment, or have something to do with stress and the pace of modern living—that we can't do anything about them until society itself is remade. I can't see any evidence for this. I simply can't take that point of view very seriously—not as long as we are as ignorant about the mechanisms of those diseases as we are. We really don't know anything at a deep level about the mechanism of heart disease, or cancer, or stroke, or rheumatoid arthritis. We can make up stories about them, and it could be, I suppose, that they do have multiple causes, and are due to things we can't control in the environment. If that's true—if that should turn out to be true—that would be quite a piece of news. Because it has never happened before. Every disease that we do know about, and for which we have really settled the issue, so that we can either turn it off, switch it off, or prevent it once and for all—every such disease turns out to be a disease in which there is one central mechanism. There may be a lot of other things going on, and maybe a lot of things that we don't know about have to do with predisposition to the disease, and maybe a lot of things aggravate the disease once it is established, but there is always a chairman of the committee. In the case of pneumonia, it's the pneumococcus, and in the case of tuberculosis it is the tubercle bacillus, and in pellagra it's a single vitamin deficiency. And I have a hunch—of course, I can't prove it—that it will turn out to be that way for cancer and probably for coronary occlusion, probably for stroke and probably for the kind of kidney disease that develops into chronic renal failure. Although there may be a lot of things going on, there will be one central, master mechanism for each of them, which we may be able to change when we learn what it is. I think we are a long way from this. We've got a lot more to learn, God knows. Except for the infectious diseases, our understanding of disease mechanisms is still primitive. But I think that the diseases that are now the important ones—that everyone is concerned about—are perfectly respectable biological problems for research."

IT is all but incredible how far we have come—especially in the last century. Dr. Thomas called my attention to an article that Edward H. Clarke, a professor of medicine at Harvard University, wrote for "A Century of American Medicine 1776-1876" in 1876, on the occasion of the American centennial. After summarizing the progress of medicine over the previous century, Dr. Clarke concluded that its major scientific accomplishments up to that time were a number of studies showing that some patients with typhoid fever and typhus had actually got better by themselves—that there was actually such a thing as self-limiting disease. Previously, it had been the general view that unless a doctor did something—anything—a patient would die.

"In response to that, doctors down the centuries *did* do things," Dr. Thomas said. "They did a lot of spectacular things, like bleeding and cupping and purging. Any procedure that anybody concocted in his mind could be tried out on human beings—the most frivolous and irresponsible kind of human experimentation, based on nothing but trial and error and usually resulting in precisely that sequence." By 1900, the idea that doctors should or could cure disease had been all but abandoned, and had been replaced by the therapeutic nihilism that

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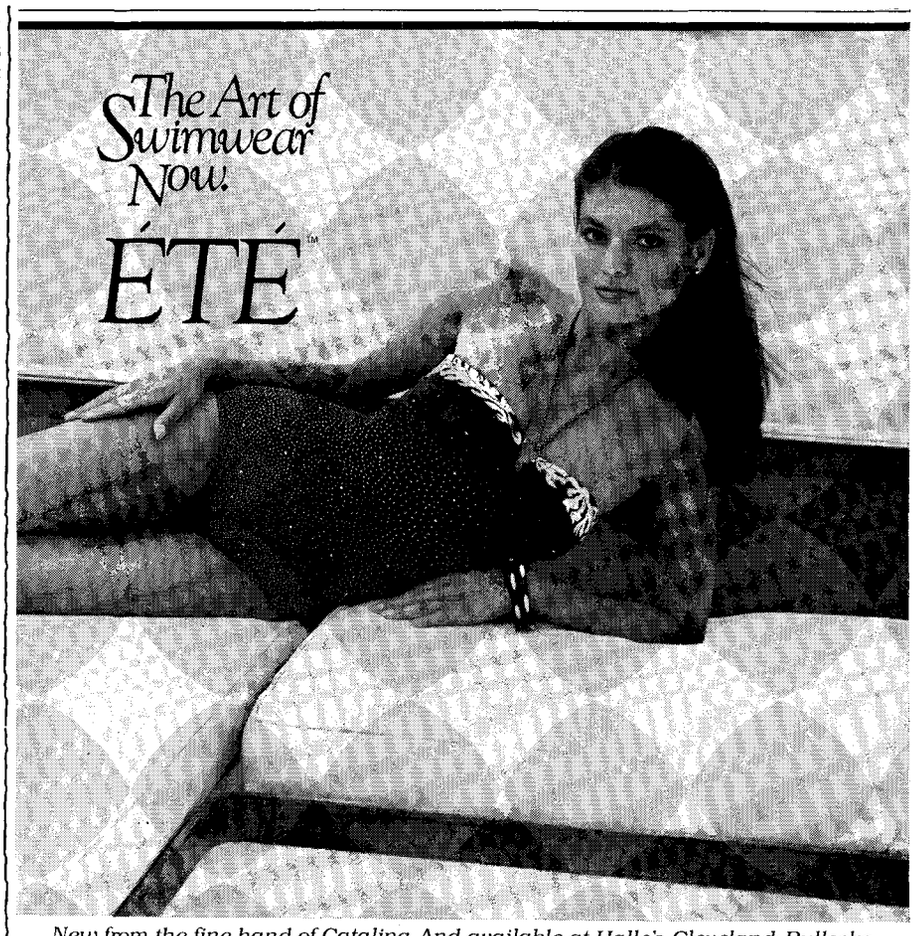
Dr. Thomas refers to. This lasted until the nineteen-forties, when it was replaced by an entirely new view of medicine.

"Up to the time the sulfonamides and penicillin came on the scene, there was much more acceptance of the fact of disease and the risk of dying prematurely," Dr. Thomas remarked. "We had got used to the situation, after all, because we had always had it. It was not unusual when I was a child for there to be a death or two among the younger members of the families of friends around town. Old cemeteries are full of tombstones of young children. People died of tuberculosis and pneumonia and meningitis. This was taken more or less as a fact of life, a risk that everybody ran. Nobody expected it ever to change. And then, suddenly, it did change, and it became clear that you really could do something about lethal disease. It became a natural thing for people to feel that if we could get that far in so short a time maybe we could go the whole distance—could do something, right away, about cancer and heart disease and stroke and all the rest. Our expectations rose very considerably beyond the capacity of medicine for meeting those expectations."

But what if we can eventually meet those expectations? What if the mechanisms that underlie cancer, heart disease, and the rest can be uncovered, and simple technologies like immunization can be found for dealing with them? Would this make us happy? Certainly it would ease the burdens of our later years. We might, as Dr. Thomas is fond of saying, "age dry, and then wear out all at once, like Oliver Wendell Holmes's one-hoss shay." But is fear of illness really at the root of our cultural sadness? After all, seventy-five per cent of the people who visit the doctor in our country do not do so because they are organically ill. Many people visit the doctor because they are fundamentally unhappy. What does this say about us and about the times we live in?

Dr. Thomas has thought a great deal about such questions. On my last visit with him, he gave me something to read that he had written for an address to the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1977. It said:

These are not the best times for the human mind. All sorts of things seem to be turning out wrong, and the century seems to be slipping through our fingers here at the end, with almost all promises unfilled. I cannot begin to guess at all the causes of our cultural sadness, not even the most important ones, but I can



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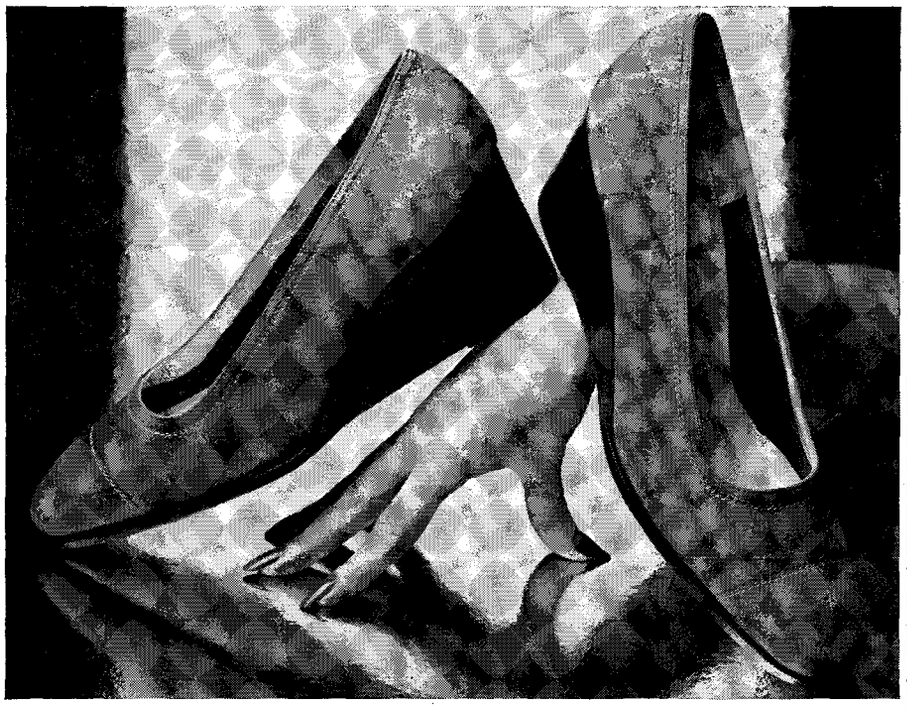

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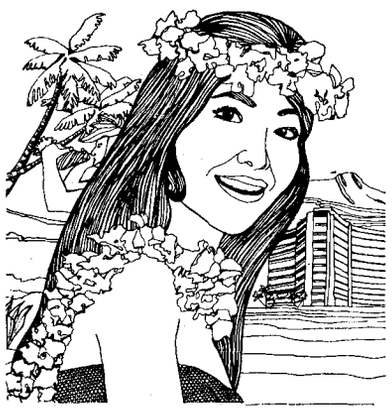

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think of one thing that is wrong with us and eats away at us: we do not know enough about ourselves. We are ignorant about how we work, about where we fit in, and most of all about the enormous, imponderable system of life in which we are embedded as working parts. We do not really understand nature, at all. Not to downgrade us; we have come a long way indeed, just to have learned enough to become conscious of our ignorance. It is not so bad a thing to be totally ignorant; the hard thing is to be part way along toward real knowledge, far enough to be aware of being ignorant. It is embarrassing and depressing, and it is one of our troubles today.

It is a new experience for all of us, on unfamiliar ground. Just think, two centuries ago we could explain everything about everything, out of pure reason, and now most of that elaborate and harmonious structure has come apart before our eyes. We are *dumb.*

This is, in a certain sense, a health problem after all. For as long as we are bewildered by the mystery of ourselves, and confused by the strangeness of our uncomfortable connection to all the rest of life, and dumbfounded by the mystery of our own minds, we cannot be said to be healthy animals in today's world.

We need to know more, and there it is. To come to realize this is what this seemingly inconclusive century has been all about. We have discovered how to ask important questions, and now we really do need, as an urgent matter, for the sake of our society and its culture, to obtain some answers. We now know that we cannot do this any longer by searching our minds, for there is not enough there to search, nor can we find the truth by guessing at it or by making up stories for ourselves.

Thomas concludes, "T. H. White wrote something good about this, in 'The Once and Future King,' where Merlyn was advising the despondent young Arthur: 'The best thing for being sad,' he said, 'is to learn something. . . . Learn why the world wags and what wags it. That is the only thing which the mind can never exhaust, never alienate, never be tortured by, never fear or distrust, and never dream of regretting. Learning,' he said, 'is the thing for you.' "

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

•

THE PAIN THAT VISION CANNOT HEAL

Junk disappears by moonlight.
The jar, the blackened fender
dissolve, the white and slender
tree trunks are white

and slender purely, and vault
ungalled to airs of leaf.
What glistens on your cheek
is silver, not salt.

—JACK BUTLER

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THE THEATRE

THE INEXPLICABLE MAID

THE Circle in the Square is giving us a conscientious and sometimes moving, if never very lofty, production of Shaw's "Saint Joan." It is a play I must have seen on five or ten occasions and I am ready to see on twenty, the Joan of history being to my mind one of the most mysterious persons who ever lived, and Shaw's version of her being a provocative fiction based on a firm substructure of fact. The lack of loftiness that I complain of in the present production is in part a consequence of Joan's being played by Lynn Redgrave, who has evidently thought hard about the role and makes her way through it with admirable valor, but who seems, nevertheless, temperamentally at odds with it. Up to now, Miss Redgrave has demonstrated her skill at comedy; not surprisingly, that skill proves of little use to her in playing tragedy. Her voice, for example, is in a high register and without much timbre; when Joan defends herself against her temporal and spiritual enemies, or when she strives to put backbone into the vacillating Dauphin, she mustn't be heard to squeak. Still less must she appear to be a gawky girl, whose posture and gestures parody those of a man. By the time she has reached the royal court at Chinon, she is neither a woman nor a man; rather, she is a passionate neuter, who has expunged from her consciousness the nuisance of gender. She wears men's clothes not in order to be manly but in order to be comfortable among men in barracks and men in battle—she had no difficulty wearing skirts in her father's house at Domrémy. In her short lifetime (she was dead at nineteen), she came to be known everywhere in France as the Maid, but the cherished, medically vouched-for virginity of her body was as nothing compared to the cherished inviolability of her mind; she permitted nothing whatever to come between God and her except her voices. It was this denial of the primary function of the Church, which is to mediate between God and man, that, by Church law, sealed her doom as a heretic and sent her to the stake. What an apparition of holy folly she was, and what a role she has been the occasion for! Shaw's Joan is a formidable challenge, and Miss Redgrave can take satisfaction in the long way she has gone toward meeting it.

Notable in the large cast supporting Miss Redgrave are Paul Shyre as the Bishop of Beauvais; Philip Bosco as the Earl of Warwick; Joseph Bova as Dunois, Bastard of Orleans; Paul Sparer as the Inquisitor; Tom Aldredge as the Archbishop of Rheims; and Roy Cooper as Robert de Baudricourt. I am uneasy about the way Robert LuPone plays the Dauphin; to make plain his indecisiveness, LuPone gives him many of the attributes of the mincing stage homosexual of fifty years ago. A much more interesting reading would be to make the Dauphin an indecisive heterosexual, of which the kings and princes of history offer us innumerable vivid examples. The Dauphin is intended, of course, to provide comic relief, but the director, John Clark, ought to have had more confidence in Shaw's lines and been less quick to invent incessant fussy "business," much of which undercuts the play by making the Dauphin seem unworthy of all the blood spilled in the course of getting him crowned at Rheims.

The scenery, by David Jenkins, struck me as having little to do with fifteenth-century France and a great deal to do with the damnable intractableness of the Circle acting area. The lighting is by John McLain, and the costumes, by Zack Brown, are commendably rich and heavy-looking—indeed, the bejewelled cope of the Archbishop of Rheims looked so heavy that I feared Mr. Aldredge would buckle under it. But he remained sturdily upright, and I came to believe that by some feat of concealed engineering he was being suspended from the cope and not the cope from him. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Public Pleasures

THERE is a theatrical renaissance taking place at the Public. Joseph Papp's energy, dissipated over the past few years by his tour of duty at Lincoln Center, is now back home, where it belongs. The lobby is full and bustling, and good shows are springing up all over the building. The revival of S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk," under Joseph Chaikin's direction, in the Newman Theatre, is a marvel, using acting, singing, choral speech, ritualistic move-

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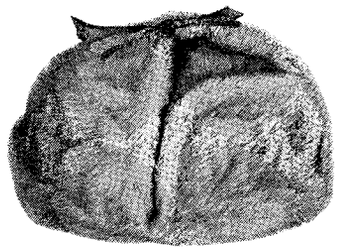

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ment, and every other conceivable resource of the theatre to evoke the whole life of an Eastern European shtetl. The evocation is accomplished within the first few minutes: the men are in the synagogue, praying and chanting and intoning and studying the Torah at stage right, while the women are busy and gossiping at stage left. A mother appears, wild with grief; her child is dying, and she insists on going to the temple, unveiling the sacred scrolls, and praying to God to spare her child's life. Then the play starts. Chanon, a scholar, enters, sits at a table, and confesses his love for Leah, whose father is searching for a rich bridegroom for her. Chanon tells a young student about his dabbling in the cabala, with its magic numbers and letters, and of his other occult beliefs, so terrifying the student that he runs out with his hands over his ears. A servant of Leah's father enters to break the news that the father has found a bridegroom for her. At the announcement, there is general rejoicing, and brandy and cakes are served, but Chanon has a seizure and dies. In a later scene, Leah goes to the cemetery to visit her mother's grave and invites the dead Chanon to her wedding. We see the young, scared bridegroom with his parents, who try to reassure him. He has reason to worry, poor boy. At the wedding ceremony, Chanon sits just offstage in his shirtsleeves, and Leah, wild and savage, speaks with his voice, sometimes in unison with him. Chanon has become a dybbuk—a wandering soul who has entered her body. The rest of the evening is given over to the rites of exorcism.

I happen not to be much on demonic possession, and I am terribly put off by the occult, yet I found "The Dybbuk" fascinating. It differs from many enterprises of this sort, in which indifferent acting is masked by directorial ingenuity. As those who saw his Open Theatre productions of "The Serpent" and "Terminal" need hardly be reminded, there is no more imaginative or powerful director alive than Mr. Chaikin. The individual performances here are strong and deep and clear, yet all are in the service of the play. As Chanon, Bruce Myers, totally concentrated, seems himself to be possessed by the role, yet he is master of it. Richard Bauer is commanding and holy and compassionate as the town's chief rabbi, and among other splendid performances are those of Paul Zimet as a young student who embodies another wandering soul, Jamil Zakkai as Leah's father, Marcia Jean Kurtz as Leah, Sonia Zomina as Leah's old duenna, and Shami Chaikin, first as the distraught mother of the dying child and later as the happy mother of the groom. The play was translated from the Yiddish by Mira Rafalowicz. The remarkable lighting is by Beverly Emmons, and the estimable setting and costumes are by Woods Mackintosh and Mary Brecht.

"WHAT can she possibly have left to say after 'For Colored Girls'?" was my first thought when I heard about Ntozake Shange's "A Photograph" and "Where the Mississippi Meets the Amazon" (both of them, again, at the Public—the first in Lu-Esther Hall, and the second, on Sundays only, in the upstairs Cabaret). The answer is "Quite a lot." "A Photograph" is about the attempts of a stormy young black photographer named Sean David to launch his career, and about the three women who love him and protect him—or try to—and who are his victims, as is his only male friend. The women are beautiful Michael, a dancer and herself an artist; virginal Nevada, a successful businesswoman; and funny, trampy Claire, who sporadically pops in and out of his bed. The male friend, a former classmate, is a lawyer named Earl. Sean, whose camera represents his manhood and his means of attaining fame—a Nobel Prize for photography is what he has in mind—is haunted by a dreadful childhood, by Alexandre Dumas, *p. et f.* (who were themselves part black), and their literary and sexual achievements in nineteenth-century Paris, and by some dead soldiers he photographed on a hillside in Vietnam. For all his savagery to his women, he cannot be dismissed as just a male chauvinist; in the unsparing performance of Avery Brooks, he appears to be as much a victim of his out-of-hand ambition and his bitter frustration as they are.

"A Photograph" is a matter of brief scenes, music, dancing, and projected slides. Miss Shange has subtitled it "A Study of Cruelty," unnecessarily binding herself in a straitjacket; it is more than that. Nevertheless, her own poetic talent and passion carry the show, and her characters are given flesh and blood by the actors (under Oz Scott's direction)—Michele Shay's glowing, ardent Michael; Hattie Winston's impish Claire; Petronia Paley's controlled, bewildered Nevada; and Count Stovall's staunch Earl. Scenery by David Mitchell, costumes by Beverly Parks, lighting by Victor En Yu Tan, music by David Murray, and choreography by Marsha Blanc—all exceptionally good.

"Where the Mississippi Meets the

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Amazon" is a recital by the phenomenal Miss Shange and two colleagues, Jessica Hagedorn and Thulani, of their poems, to the accompaniment of a jazz band conducted by David Murray. "Accompaniment" is too weak a word; the poems and the music go hand in hand, and the music supports the movements of the three performers in an approximation of dancing. The poems are lyrical, humorous, erotic, witty, dramatic, tender, and, as if Miss Shange had used up most of her rage and spleen in "A Photograph" and "For Colored Girls," frequently lighthearted. Miss Shange is the strongest of the three, as poet and actress, but Jessica Hagedorn and Thulani do very well, too. My only reservation is that the running time is a skimpy hour and a quarter.

"That Time" and "Footfalls," the two Other Plays of Samuel Beckett's "Play and Other Plays," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, are new to New York audiences. Both are about memories (as, of course, is "Play"), both are deliberately minor and remote, and both are written with great beauty and wit. In "That Time," a spotlight picks out the head of a man with long gray hair and a long gray beard. He is half awake and half asleep, and his eyes are partly closed. He lets out a deep breath from time to time, and his eyelids flutter: he is remembering, in a patchy way—the only way he can remember. Three voices are heard over separate microphones—all of them his voice, of course—in as many passages of memory. He is an old man in the rain and cold, taking shelter in public buildings—the Portrait Gallery, the Post Office. He is a young man in bright sunlight, sitting on a stone bench with a girl he loves and with whom he spends one day before she catches a ferry back to wherever she came from. And he is a child. At the end, he is a very old man, overwhelmed by dust and giving up—sinking into a void. The recollections are a matter of images, yet the writing is lyrical—more aural than visual. The old fellow looks like a tramp; occasionally his eyes open wide and come to life, and he almost smiles. Then he drowses again. I wish I could enlighten you further, but I *can* tell you that "That Time" is mesmerizing, and though the memories come to us in much more tattered form than those in "Krapp's Last Tape," that play and this one are akin in that they tell of a meaningless life that has come to absolutely nothing.

"Footfalls" is meant to be a comedy, I think, although it was received

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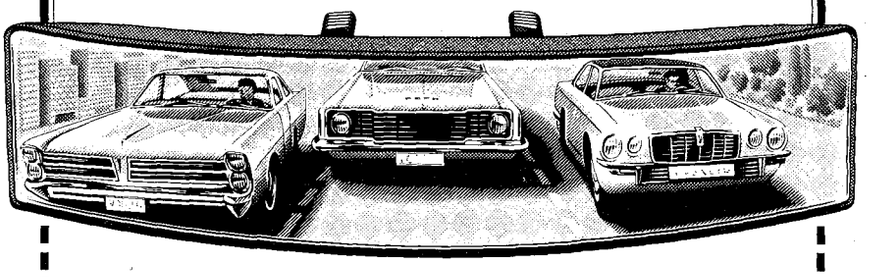

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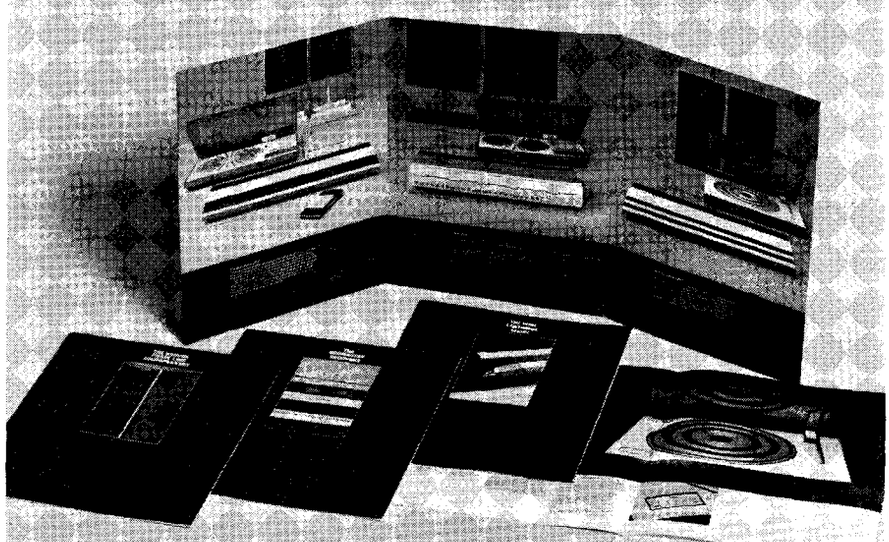

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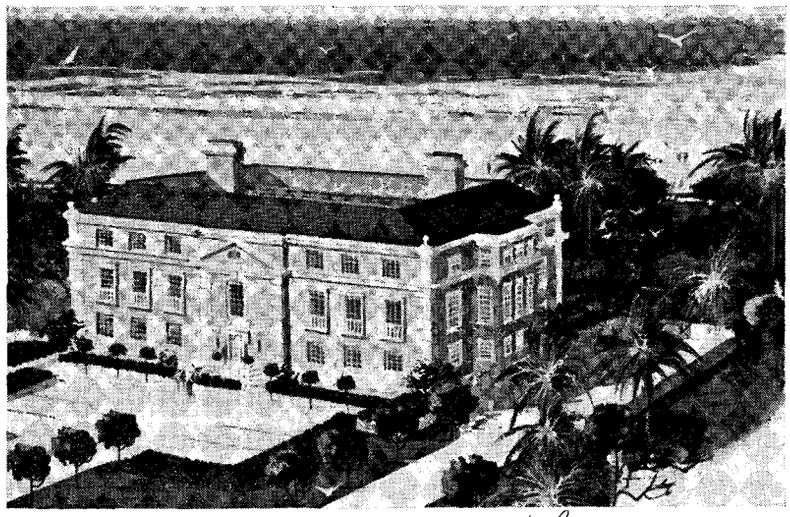

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in reverent silence by the audience at the M.T.C.—a mock-gothic work, studded with antique locutions ("as the reader will remember"), in which the spooky and mysterious atmosphere is sundered, as surely as it is in "Northanger Abbey," by the unutterable triviality of the revelations. In a dim light we see a woman bent almost double, with her hair streaming down her back. She shuffles noisily back and forth across the floor, speaking to her unseen aged mother, who replies in a faint, whispery voice over a microphone. There used to be a carpet on the floor, the mother tells us, but the daughter (now somewhere in her forties and enclosed in the house since girlhood) insisted that it be taken up so she could hear the sound of her footsteps. The daughter reveals that upon occasion the mother walks out of the house to a nearby church. The faint voice of the mother is made almost inaudible by the sound of the daughter's shuffling. I could have used a touch more audibility, but it was funny (and haunting) anyway.

A revival of "Play" opens the evening. As you may remember, a man, his wife, and his mistress, now dead and encased from the neck down in large urns, their faces the color of clay, recount in broken speeches and cut-off sentences the story of the affair. The cutting off is done by an arbitrary spotlight that moves from face to face, with comic effect. The story is told twice, verbatim, and it is interrupted by the man's hiccups and subsequent "Pardon"s. Donald Davis, a splendid actor and the original Krapp in New York, is the man in "Play" and the old fellow in "That Time." Suzanne Costallos and Sloane Shelton complete the cast. The performance as a whole, under Alan Schneider's direction, is a bit too muffled and precious and remote, and in each instance the audience must supply the Irish lilt. But what a wonderful writer Beckett is, and how funny!

—Edith Oliver

•

One should strive to keep tea conversation as light and frothy as the fare. And it is terribly important to remember to pour milk into the cup before adding the tea. (Or is it the other way around?)

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Never mind. The point is, it's important.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Grand, Small, and Important

LEONARD BERNSTEIN's "Songfest," introduced to New York last month by the Philharmonic, under the composer, is a cycle of twelve pieces—three sextets, a trio, two duets, and six solo songs—for six singers and full orchestra. It lasts forty-five minutes. The text is an anthology of American poetry from Anne Bradstreet in the mid-seventeenth century to Conrad Aiken, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Gregory Corso, and June Jordan among the living. Poe, Whitman, Gertrude Stein, E. E. Cummings, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Langston Hughes, Julia de Burgos, and Frank O'Hara are the other poets. The work—originally a Bicentennial commission but not finished in time—was intended, in the words of the program note, "to draw a comprehensive picture of America's artistic past, as seen in 1976 . . . through the words of thirteen poets embracing three hundred years of the country's history." Specifically, the poems were chosen to express "the American artist's experience as it relates to his or her creativity, loves, marriages, or minority problems (blacks, women, homosexuals, expatriates) within a fundamentally Puritan society," and so the picture is not in fact comprehensive. It includes no celebration of "the varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri;" no "chants of the prairies, chants of the long-running Mississippi, and down to the Mexican sea, shooting in pulses of fire ceaseless to vivify all." The only natural images found in it are two conventional similes—Mrs. Bradstreet's "My love is such that Rivers cannot quench" and Miss Millay's "Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree, Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one." Most of the poems are intimate and personal. Bernstein states his purpose when he begins with a setting of O'Hara's "To the Poem":

> Let us do something grand
> just this once Something
>
> small and important and
> unAmerican . . .
>
> Not needing a military band.

The six voices united sing the lines to a hymnlike tune with a Geneva Psalter purposiveness in its stride, accompanied by an orchestra working the basic motif in rugged counterpoints. The note of affirmation without bombast is cunningly caught. There follow three solos. Ferlinghetti's "The Pennycandystore Beyond the El" is set for baritone (John Reardon in this performance). It opens like an improvisation on a memory of "These Foolish Things" but is also a twelve-note composition: the airy, lilting melody exposes the basic row twice, its retrograde twice, then the inversion, the retrograde inversion, and so on. Julia de Burgos's "A Julia de Burgos" is a fierce, passionate poem, fiercely set for soprano (Clamma Dale) in urgent lines impelled by rhythms of five and seven. The number ends with a sustained high C (which came ringing out in Miss Dale's performance), but the note is optional, and the rest can be compassed by a mezzo-soprano. It is a song that would have suited Conchita Supervia well. It should be published with a glittering piano reduction, so that singers could adopt it as a pendant to Falla's "Seven Popular Songs."

Whitman's "To What You Said," unpublished in his lifetime, expresses with quiet firmness a sentiment outside "the received models of the parlors" of his day: "I am he who kisses his comrade lightly on the lips . . . I introduce that new American salute." In Bernstein's setting, a soft pedal C—sustained, gently pulsing, or both at once—sounds throughout, passing from instrument to instrument. During the introduction, a very soft C-minor chord, held by the organ stop of an electric keyboard, emerges as a quiet, contradictory ground swell in the pauses between full-orchestra progressions. (There is a similar effect in Britten's "Peter Grimes.") A rather sentimental tune steals out on solo cello, and then, while the five other singers pick up and hum this tune, the bass (Donald Gramm) sings Whitman's lines in arioso or recitative, much of the time on a C monotone. The simple dignity of the solo declamation saves the number from becoming cloyingly sweet. The mixture of tenderness and manly plainness matches the poem.

By this point, Bernstein's musical in-

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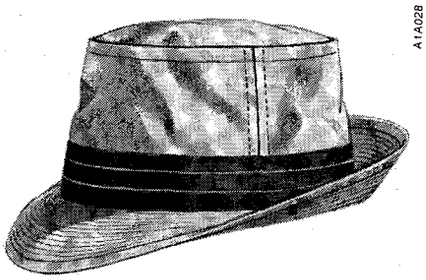

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tention had become clear: to find a motif and a manner for each poem and then work it out almost in the manner of a rapid sketch. Eleven of the twelve numbers are based each on a single musical idea. The ideas are well chosen. The sketching is fresh and easy. The invention seems to flow, not to be forced, despite the pretty technical ingenuities that can be discovered. At the center of the work is a group of two duets enclosing a trio, and the first duet is the number built with two ideas. It sets at once Langston Hughes's "I, Too, Sing America," a black boast (for baritone), and, in riposte, June Jordan's "Okay 'Negroes,'" tough, teasing, and sexy (for mezzo, Rosalind Elias). The trio is Anne Bradstreet's "To My Dear and Loving Husband," for the three women's voices. (Nancy Williams sang the alto part.) It is a surprising idea to treat this tender wifely statement as an ensemble, but the result is beautiful. The women's quartet (or trio? Four voices, but two of them sing in unison) from "Peter Grimes" seems to be the inspiration, and one phrase echoes Ellen Orford's "Let her among you without fault." The second duet (for soprano and bass), to Gertrude Stein's "Storyette H.M.," pays apt, elegant tribute to Virgil Thomson's Stein settings.

There follows a second sextet, a rhythmically ingenious handling of Cummings's "if you can't eat you got to"—a disturbing piece, in which despair is understated with an air of deft, deceptively neat nonchalance. Then comes another group of three solos. Aiken's "Music I Heard with You" (mezzo) is set in F-sharp minor with a sudden, surprising twelve-note row sung through twice at its center. Corso's "Zizi's Lament" (tenor, Neil Rosenshein) provides the best song of the group; Bernstein adds an amusing comment on modish Oriental flummery with the ting of finger cymbals and a whining, sinuous tune from a solo viola stopped by a single, slithering finger. Somewhere behind the piece is Ravel's "Shéhérazade," but the note of bitterness and wry self-mockery is modern. "What Lips My Lips Have Kissed" (alto) seems to me rather mawkish, but not more so than the Millay sonnet it sets. The finale is brilliant—Poe's "Israfel" as a whirling valse sextet, its forced rhyme schemes ringing out in a dance of sounds shot through with sudden bursts of coloratura.

"Songfest" is a work easy to underrate. "Glib" and "fashionable" are words that the program note brings to mind. "Old-fashioned," "thin," and "pretentious" are words that have been used of the piece. But the very "thinness"—the sense of rapid inspiration, of fleet, sure composition—saves it from pretentiousness. I mustn't *overrate* it. There is more beautiful and more profoundly imaginative music in Berlioz's "Nuits d'Été." Mahler's "Wunderhorn" cycle is richer in musical discourse. "Shéhérazade" is more delicately and carefully scored; "Songfest" seems to have been orchestrated with the same swift, effective, unlabored strokes that mark its composition. But it has more true feeling in it, and less artifice, than "Shéhérazade." All the same, I don't want to try rating orchestral song cycles in an order of merit. "Songfest" has its own character—urban, just a shade slick, maybe, and a shade sentimental, but very attractive as soon as one decides that it has an honest heart. I was a little surprised that I liked it. Any musician must respond to the sheer technical skill, the felicity, of the facture—but it was more than that. It was rather like meeting someone who's been to charm school—and discovering a genuine, innate charm and warmth beneath the polished formulae.

Four solos from the cycle had their première at the Philharmonic last season. The Bradstreet trio was first sung at the Presidential Inaugural gala a year ago. "Songfest" as a whole had its première in Washington last October, with the same soloists as in the whole Philharmonic performance. (All six were good; Miss Elias was outstanding for the wit of her inflections.) The work is well planned, in a *Bogenform*—the trio as keystone, flanked each side by a duet, then three solos, then a sextet—saved from mechanical symmetry by the "extra" sextet. It does amount to "a real right thing," such as is wished for in the first number.

—Andrew Porter

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The World of Willa Cather," by Mildred R. Bennett*]

When people ask me if it has been a hard or easy road (she once said) I always answer with the quotation, "The end is nothing, the road is all." The cups mean nothing to the tennis champions. I keep referring to tennis because it is the most sportsmanlike sport we have. It is the one game you can't play for money.

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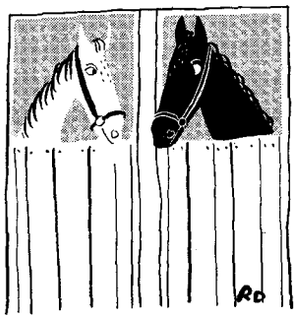
THE RACE TRACK

Bad Day at the Big A

THERE is no telling how good Cunning Trick might have been. For three seasons, he carried the colors of Ogden Phipps in several classic races. In fact, Mr. Phipps thought well enough of him to send him to Paris for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. On his return last autumn, William T. Pascoe III bought him from Mr. Phipps and turned him over to Billy Turner for training. A week or so later, Turner brought him out for a trial gallop, which he won in fine style. On December 3rd, Turner saddled him for the Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct, and he won again.



Then, last Saturday, came the Display Handicap, at two miles and a quarter—the longest race of the season in this country. Cunning Trick had trained beautifully, and the race seemed to Turner the perfect spot for the horse to make his farewell bow of the season. He carried 116 pounds. He was away well at the start, and Cruguet quickly got him into perfect position in the first quarter. Cruguet made his move two furlongs out, and on the turn for home Cunning Trick looked the winner all over. As he swung into the stretch, however, it seemed as though he stopped for a split second. Then he swung to the right, and a shout of dismay came up from the stand as he swerved and fell, throwing Cruguet. Social Seeker, who was right behind, went down and, in turn, brought down Igloo III. Misty Model's rider leaped to safety before his horse, too, came to grief. It had all happened in an instant—they had fallen like a row of dominoes. The stand was in a hubbub. Attendants rushed across and tried to straighten out the horses and pull the jockeys from the tangled pile. Cunning Trick had snapped the cannon bone of his left foreleg—nobody knows how such things happen. He was taken off the track in an ambulance and was mercifully destroyed, though that was unknown to the crowd of more than twenty-one thousand in the grounds, because such tragedies are not publicly announced. Happily, none of the jockeys were badly hurt. Cruguet was rushed to a nearby hospital and was X-rayed and examined thoroughly, after which the doctors said he was in first-rate condition and could go home. Happily, too, none of the other horses suffered anything worse than bruises and a shaking up—though, of course, the final word from the veterinarians is not in yet. Altogether, it was a rather terrible day. For the record, a five-year-old horse named Gallivantor galloped home to win the Display by three and a half lengths. He picked up a purse of $32,490 in prize money for his owner.

I SUPPOSE it was Billy Turner's worst week. The previous Sunday, the owners of Seattle Slew informed him that he had been supplanted as trainer of the Triple Crown winner by a young man named Douglas Peterson, who had been engaged by Dr. James Hill, one of Slew's owners. Peterson, who has taken over the training of Slew at Hialeah and is preparing him for the hundred-thousand-dollar Hialeah Challenge Cup on January 28th, gave Slew a workout last Friday morning and sent him a snappy half mile in 0:47⅗. The Hialeah meeting will open on January 16th. —AUDAX MINOR

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From Bogota you also can flight to Leticia 2,000 miles up the Amazon on the deep frontier with Perú and near Brazilian Border. Althought it has grown from small settlement into a modern community of some 17,000 city. Good Hotel with frigid air and busty accomodations and sophisticated drinks make your holiday there something very comfortable. The jungle rugged outside. Rain, mosquitoes, nights horribly screams noises. The tourist could hardly hope to get closer to the jungle than there indians—male and feamale walk without cloth. River boats go and return to one side to another carring merchandise to secrets indians villages, and conta band—corner of the three countries, —is a sport like hunting crocodiles with a big stick. The womans that are impressive good looking in the whole territory of Colombia, here are limited and ugly. But you have beautiful monkey and colorful serpents; and thousand of magic and colorful birds, wall trees and mosquitoes. —*ACC (Automobile Club of Colombia) magazine.*

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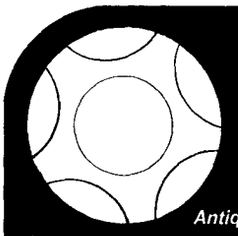

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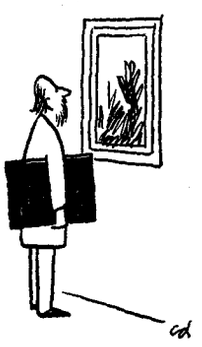
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 19

LATE last month, Cyrus Vance spent three days visiting Argentina, Brazil, and Venezuela to consult with leaders, he explained, on a "broad range" of questions—hemispheric relations, human rights, the Middle East, southern Africa, the price of oil, and the spread of nuclear weapons. In the mind of the Secretary of State, as in the mind of the President whose emissary he was, the last two topics were undoubtedly the most pressing, and on them he got no satisfaction. He told the Venezuelans that any increase in the price of oil would be inflationary and would slow economic recovery; they told him that they needed more money to pay the already inflated costs of their imports. He was informed that at the December meeting of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, which is being held in Venezuela, at the seaside resort of Caraballeda, the Venezuelan representatives would urge an increase in oil prices of between five and eight per cent. The exchanges of views on nuclear matters which he had in Buenos Aires and Brasília were no doubt more complex, as such matters always are. President Carter hopes to slow down, in this country and others—and particularly in those countries that have not signed the United Nations non-proliferation treaty—the further spread of the technology for reprocessing spent uranium to yield plutonium, suitable for the fabrication of nuclear weapons. Neither Brazil nor Argentina has signed the U.N. treaty, and Argentina, which is said to be already capable of building a nuclear arsenal, has not as yet ratified the Treaty of Tlatelolco, an agreement to exclude nuclear weapons from Latin America and the Caribbean. The Brazilians have accepted this treaty, but they are determined to go on with plutonium technology and are unimpressed, as are the Argentines, by the Carter-Vance view that safeguards against the diversion of plutonium for military use are currently inadequate. "They have their position, and we have ours," Vance said after meeting with the authorities in Brasília. "It is an ongoing process." What "process" he had in mind was not clear; the only one that seems to be "ongoing" is Brazil's and Argentina's development of the most sophisticated form of nuclear energy.



There is no doubt that a nation with a stock of plutonium has a potentially formidable military advantage: the fuel and the technology are in place. The President believes that it is in the national interest—and in the interest of peace generally—to discourage other countries from amassing such a stock. However, a good many informed people who share his concern about nuclear weapons believe that he has set himself a hopeless task, and, moreover, that his approach to proliferation may do more to further it than to curb it. Their reasoning is that almost any nation that has any kind of industrial base and any facilities for nuclear research can build nuclear weapons if it chooses to do so, and that building them does not require breeder reactors to process uranium. (India developed its explosive device using nuclear material produced in a small research reactor near Bombay.) The procedure is far from simple; the fear, widely expressed a decade ago, that terrorists might soon be turning out atomic bombs in back-yard garages is now generally discounted. But making weapons is entirely possible for a government that can command the services of a number of scientists, engineers, and skilled industrial workers—and can scrape together the considerable sums of money required. The amount of plutonium needed for a single bomb is said to be nine pounds; producing even that amount takes time, but there are now about fifty countries that have research centers capable of producing plutonium, and two dozen of these have civilian nuclear plants in operation or under construction. Thus, while withholding our technology can make it more difficult for other nations to develop a nuclear capability, it cannot stop them, and in some cases may stiffen their resolve to go ahead, either on their own or with help from other advanced powers. (According to a study presented at the 1977 American Power Conference, an annual affair sponsored by several universities and technical societies, there are eighteen countries with sufficiently large uranium reserves both to meet their own needs and to supply other countries.) It is politically reasonable to assume that for the importing countries to rely on other suppliers would lead to a diminution of our influence among them and make it more difficult to obtain international agreements of the kind the President seeks.

In any case, the President's critics say, the problem should not be conceived of as primarily a military one. The United States can afford (though not without cost in long-term economic growth) to forgo or postpone the use of breeder reactors, which increase the energy extracted from any given amount of uranium by a factor of at least thirty, but many countries—including some of our closest allies and trading partners—lack our resources, and for them, in the face of the mounting cost of fossil fuels and the threats of embargo, a failure to use nuclear energy in its most efficient form could mean a strangling of their energy-intensive economies over the coming years. The Japanese, for example, have a horror of nuclear weapons and not much need for defense forces of any kind as long as we insure their security, but because they have no fuels of their own and are a long way from the principal suppliers they look upon plutonium as essential to their economic survival. To a somewhat lesser degree, this is true of most of Western Europe, where a large part of the world's nuclear weapons are stored, and where substantial amounts of nuclear power are generated. (In Western Europe, there are seventy-eight nuclear power stations, supplying more than eight per cent of the electricity used there; many more are being built.) The only way to combat proliferation, in the view of critics of Administration policies, is not by trying to stop a particular technology but by hard negotiations and the development of techniques for monitoring compliance with treaties. This is by no means a reassuring view of the matter; monitoring is itself a new and difficult technology, and treaties can be repudiated. But the fact is that in any society where economic growth is regarded as a measure of a people's welfare, there is no known way to stop what appears to be an efficient method of promoting such growth. (It can, of course, be slowed down in countries like this one, where there are public-interest lobbies and a tradition of citizen protest; part of the calculated cost of building a nuclear plant here is the legal expense of winning judgments against those who oppose its construction.) Other sources of energy—the sun, the winds, the oceans—are promising, but they are still in the research-and-development stage. Denis Hayes, a leading advocate of solar power, has estimated, in his "Rays of Hope: The Transition to a Post-Petroleum World," that if we were to make an effort comparable to our mobilization for the Second World War the sun could provide forty to fifty per cent of our energy

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"I'll have the businessman's lunch."

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needs by the year 2000. Others doubt if it could provide as much as ten per cent for decades beyond that. For the rest of this century and well into the next, fossil fuels and nuclear power will be the only practical sources of energy for a national economy functioning at anything like the present level of our own.

The President and his leading advisers on energy are not against plutonium technology as such; they think that in time there will be adequate safeguards against proliferation, and that this country should do all it can to develop them as soon as possible. Others hold that the hazards to life of any use of nuclear power outweigh all possible benefits. Still others feel that any encouragement of nuclear power would further strengthen the grip on our economy of the corporate giants in the utilities industry; among the members of the Clamshell Alliance, which protested the construction of a nuclear plant at Seabrook, New Hampshire, last spring, were some who felt that nuclear power might serve the country well in a socialist economy but not in a capitalist one. Yet the argument would go on even if safeguards were perfected—even, indeed, if the world were disarmed, all risk eliminated, and our nuclear industry nationalized. For a large part of the controversy turns not on weapons proliferation or on the environmental dangers of commercial application but on differing views of society and, particularly, of the concept of economic growth. Probably most of the opponents—among them certainly the President, who cannot hope to reach any of his major domestic goals without an expansion of industry and commerce—favor economic growth, but a well-organized and influential sector of the opposition feels that growth has gone too far, or far enough, and that it is in any case an unworthy, unhealthy, and rather vulgar aim. At the Conference for a Non-Nuclear Future, in Salzburg this year, Joseph Camilleri, a political scientist, said, "Implicit in all arguments in support of nuclear energy are assumptions of continuing growth in energy consumption, the equation of growth with technical progress, and of such progress with the amelioration of the human condition. The validity of these . . . doctrines is now open to serious challenge." And he went on to make the challenge, saying, "The primary function of the nuclear debate is not so much the dissemination of technical information as the liberation of social consciousness." At a conference on energy held in October by the Division of Church and Society of the National Council of Churches, a majority opposed not only the use of nuclear energy but also the use of oil, gas, and coal; it was urged that federal financing of research and development be shifted from fossil fuels to other sources of energy, and that employees in the fossil-fuel industries be retrained to other work during the period of transition to these "renewable" sources. (If this became public policy, it would mean that millions of people would spend the rest of their working lives acquiring skills they would not live long enough to utilize.) Ralph Nader's cluster of lobbying organizations and such activist groups as Friends of the Earth and the Sierra Club are as critical of—and quite consistently, given their viewpoint—the development of our Western coal reserves as they are of the use of nuclear energy. Amory Lovins, a young physicist who represents Friends of the Earth in London and has served as a consultant to our Energy Research and Development Administration, has written in a widely discussed article in *Foreign Affairs* that even if nuclear power were entirely safe "it would still be unattractive because of the political implications of the kind of energy economy it would lock us into." For him, he wrote, the issues are "not mainly technical or economic but, rather, social and ethical."

And this is the way the matter is seen by many of those who have mounted anti-nuclear campaigns in recent years. In addition to their concern for the environment, they are deeply committed to participatory democracy and wish to see it functioning in economic as well as in political life. For them, there is a social and ethical imperative not merely to regulate and control large corporations but to redistribute their functions—to reallocate resources and power so that the units of economic life can be managed by

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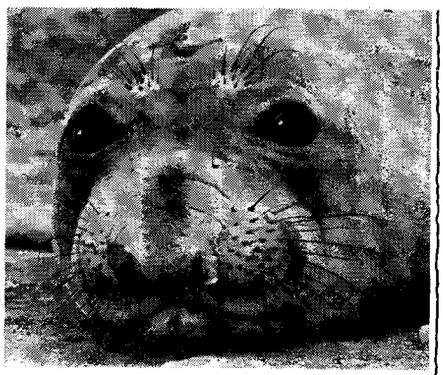

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the people whose needs they are supposed to serve. Some favor decentralization to the point at which, say, a city's need for heat and light would be filled not by a single power complex that also served industry but by neighborhood generators managed by neighborhood people. In terms of the present means of generating power, this is at least a plausible aim; with nuclear energy, it would not be suitable even for discussion, because the technology is too arcane—the intellectual province of an élitist order that is almost a priesthood. It is the most powerful industrial symbol of bigness, of concentration, of the final triumph of the machine—the ultimate affront to those who would like to go at least part of the way back to the world of cottage industry, to the vision eloquently set forth by the late E. F. Schumacher in his 1973 book "Small Is Beautiful." This discourse on the folly of bigness has seized the imagination of many Americans, one of them being Governor Edmund Brown, Jr., of California, who recently flew to London—on a no-frills Laker Airways flight—to eulogize the author in Westminster Cathedral.

Advocates of the small-is-beautiful view make many telling points. What is large is, as often as not, ugly and wasteful. There is no merit in growth for its own sake. The gross national product is a measure not of useful enterprise but only of a people's capacity for churning out goods, many of them shoddy, and services, many of them poor and unnecessary. Windmills are more pleasing objects than huge dynamos, and for some purposes more useful. The produce of a kitchen garden is superior to that of agribusiness. Recycling garbage for fuel is a splendid way of solving two environmental problems by a single process. What some call the "soft" technologies, like solar power, are clearly more attractive than the "hard" ones, like nuclear power. But for most people in most societies, growth is the way out of such miseries as hunger, severe heat and cold, disease, illiteracy, and wars undertaken for plunder. Mere growth cannot alleviate suffering, but it can provide the necessary condition—capital, infrastructure, employment—for a social approach to alleviation. Growth in itself cannot bring abundance, leisure, and convenience, but they are seldom to be had without it, and to oppose growth on the ground that it is aesthetically offensive or that we would all be better off leading simpler lives is to take a rather callous view of the human condition in those parts of the world—including sections of this country—where life tends to be simple indeed. Some Americans can help conserve depletable energy resources by burning wood in fireplaces and stoves; we have the technology for reforestation, which makes timber a renewable resource. For many people in sub-Saharan Africa, though, timber is almost the only source of energy, and harvesting it leads quickly to the spread of the desert. To ask the poorer countries to conserve oil and to eschew nuclear energy is to ask them to accept continued poverty as a condition of their existence. To ask Americans to mark time until solar energy comes into our homes and factories is to resign ourselves to a rate of unemployment higher than the seven per cent—far higher in some places and categories—that most find intolerable. (The prospect that such a proposal offers is of a society in which by the end of the century almost the entire industrial labor force is idle and the engines of agriculture are men and horses.) There are, of course, not many people who go this far, and perhaps the National Council of Churches will, when its governing board meets in May, reject the recommendations made by its subsidiary in October. But it seems unlikely, given the President's opposition, that there will soon be any further development of industrial breeder reactors.

Any technology must be judged by its availability, its effectiveness, its cost, and its safety. There is little doubt about the availability and effectiveness of nuclear power; assuming the use of breeder reactors, we could meet our projected needs for centuries. Estimates vary somewhat on the cost of building and operating nuclear facilities as against facilities using oil, gas, or coal, but in the case of imported oil and gas the figures can mean little, since no one knows what oil and gas will cost in the future and no one can be certain that they will continue to be available at any cost. If supplies were cut off or exhausted, and we did not wish to return to a pastoral life, the choice would be between coal and nuclear power, and in the case of these two the cost—in dollars directly invested, not in lives or environmental damage—is held to be roughly competitive. The remaining controversy—aside from that over the merits of growth—is over safety, and it is a large and noisy one. The opponents stress the hazards

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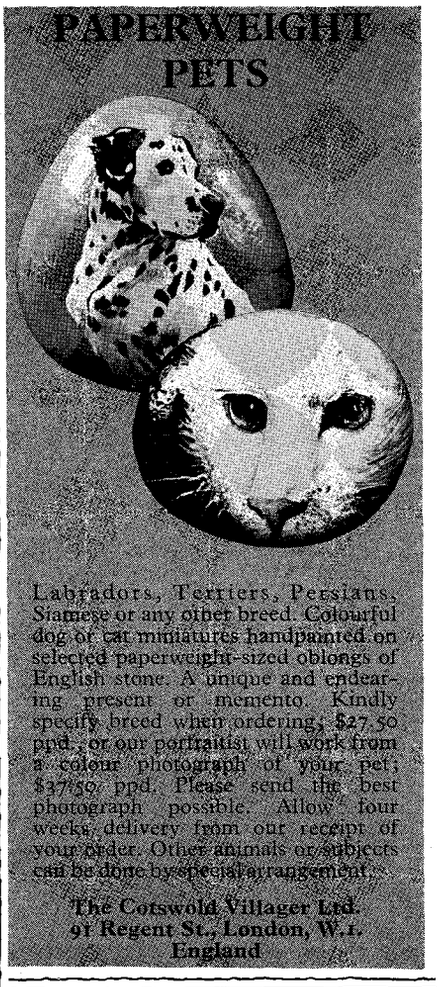
of weapons proliferation, radiation leakage, nuclear explosions, the storage of dangerous wastes, the destruction of certain forms of marine life, and the possibility of criminals' hijacking or stealing enough plutonium to kill millions of people (and probably themselves) by poisoning or pulverization. The proponents acknowledge these dangers but consider the probability of some of them to be as statistically remote as the chance that a given individual will be struck by a meteorite. That radiation is carcinogenic is beyond dispute, though no one seems certain how much the human body can tolerate, and it may also do genetic damage, though this remains to be demonstrated. The International Commission on Radiological Protection—a fifty-year-old organization based in England—sets the limit of exposure at five hundred millirems a year. In the nature of things, this is an arbitrary figure; there are places in the world where people are exposed to three times that much from cosmic rays or the natural radioactivity of the ground without measurable effect on their well-being. The average American absorbs two hundred and fifty millirems a year, about half of it from natural sources and half from industries that use radioactive materials, from X-rays, and from television receivers and the like. People living in the immediate vicinity of a nuclear plant are permitted to be exposed to as much as five millirems a year—which is about one-fifth the exposure from a chest X-ray—before the authorities will close down the plant. Generating power with any kind of fuel produces enormous quantities of heat, which goes into the atmosphere or into rivers, lakes, and the seas. In this respect, nuclear power is no better or worse than fossil fuels, and it is "clean" in the sense that it does not foul the air or emit noxious fumes. The largest possibilities of danger lie in transporting the uranium to the reactors; in reactor malfunctioning, which could lead to core meltdowns; and in contamination from waste unsafely stored. It is here that the proponents of nuclear energy cite the record of more than three decades. Since the days of the Manhattan Project, the military has been transporting nuclear material—nowadays in trucks tracked by radio, escorted by armed guards, and equipped with devices that disable them if they are hijacked—virtually without incident. There have been operational malfunctions in civilian plants, but as far as is known no deaths have been attributable to them. The industry is the most stringently regulated in our history.

Experience is far from reassuring on the problem of waste materials. At Hanford, Washington, and at Maxey Flats, Kentucky, among other places where waste has been deposited, there have been detectable leakages, and officials of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, a successor to the Atomic Energy Commission, say that although they consider the problem soluble, the dangers are serious and will continue to be. But the problem is one that will be with us whether or not we use plutonium as an energy source, for less than one per cent of the nuclear waste in existence today comes from civilian applications. The rest is military. It has been piling up for decades, and until the President's hope of ridding the world of nuclear weapons is fulfilled, it will go on piling up. Class-action lawsuits and public demonstrations may prevent or delay the construction of nuclear plants here and there, but the prime producer and consumer, the government, will continue to stockpile weapons, operate nuclear submarines, and put plutonium to whatever new uses can be found for it. If, on the basis of the waste problem alone, the American people should decide that there was a compelling case against using nuclear power in any form, we would still have to live with the bulky and deadly heritage of Alamogordo, Hiroshima, and the Soviet-American arms race.

Many technologies pose hard questions, some in the moral realm, some in the social and economic realms. Pesticides that have caused liver damage, brain damage, and a variety of nervous disorders are effective in combatting the mosquito that carries encephalitis and the flea that brought several cases of bubonic plague to the Southwest this year. Some of the worst pesticides have been outlawed in this country, but we continue to export them and to use many others. The moral case for banning them is clear; except for those that, like nuclear waste, have already been used and will be part of the environment for centuries, they would harm no one if they were never made. But the effect of putting an end to their manufacture would be a decline in food production in countries where millions endure hunger and malnutrition, and where people, given a choice between no food and dangerous food, would take their chances on contamination. According to one estimate, it would also mean a decline in our production of nutrients



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by perhaps as much as sixty per cent, which would afflict the undernourished here—as well as the marginal farmers and farm workers—and drastically reduce, if not eliminate, the surpluses we export to others. Our use of energy in any form confronts us with similar dilemmas. The fact that most of the dangers of nuclear energy are hypothetical may be largely a matter of luck; the dangers of the automobile were hypothetical until the first crash. On the other hand, there is nothing hypothetical about the dangers of fossil fuels. Oil-burning generators and internal-combustion engines spread filth and pollution everywhere. Natural gas is clean but explosive, and storing it in its liquefied form is a threat to life more immediate than that of storing nuclear wastes. The President's energy program calls for industrial conversion from oil to coal wherever possible, and our coal reserves are vast enough to keep a growing economy going for several hundred years, but the perils of a coal economy have long been known, and are perhaps the most severe of all. Oil seemed a great blessing when it became possible to substitute it for coal. D. J. Rose and some other researchers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology have calculated that a single one-thousand-megawatt coal-burning generator is responsible for the death of eleven people a year—in mining accidents, from black-lung disease, and in transportation mishaps. ("One can imagine how quickly the nuclear industry would be shut down if a single plant killed eleven people a year," Samuel McCracken, an official of Boston University who has made himself an expert on these matters, has written.) And those eleven people die before the fuel has been put to use. The wastes that are floated into the atmosphere when coal is burned for heat and the generation of electricity amount to fifty pounds a year per person, and no one knows how many deaths they are responsible for; they are known to be a contributing factor in many, and almost certainly the direct cause of some. Little has been said about all this in the 1977 energy debate, but to rule out plutonium while accepting the risks of fossil fuels seems a self-denying way of approaching a crisis in our history—particularly when it is done with the aim of holding back a technology that is already in existence in many countries. What seems to be required is not restraints on the industrial powers but enforceable means of preventing military diversions.

—Richard Rovere

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BOOKS

Edmund Wilson

EDMUND WILSON belonged to the tribe of independent men of letters who earned their living by writing for serious periodicals in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but who have led harassed lives as such journals disappear in our own. Like his predecessors, he was something of a teacher, who wrote to reëducate the educated by conversing with them. Although he was once or twice drawn to the security of academic life, he sheered away from it, saying that the company of young unformed minds was dangerous for the ego of the writer. He was proud to call himself a journalist, and he had the spryness of the free-lance critic, but I have never known one so passionately, even obsessively, bookish. His reading was enormous, and his memory precise and exacting. I used to think, quite wrongly, that he had been flown over the Atlantic from the Scottish Athens. When he took a book from his shelves, he had the fever of a traveller setting out on a long journey—not a ramble but a decisive quest with a purpose. He looked for the essence of the writers he dealt with in his reviews before he praised or blamed, and his perceptions were fine. He thought that his own time called for a reëxamination of social history in the light of political theory and new scientific knowledge, and there is a comment in a letter to a young friend as early as 1916 which shows how finely he could judge. The friend had been reproaching the once famous Meredith for failing to idealize the relations between the characters of "The Amazing Marriage," and Wilson at once points out that those relationships "have to do with the confusion of values in the society which we live in and what is really worthwhile and what isn't." There are now faint signs of a revival of interest in the often tiresome, pirouetting Meredith, and anyone who takes him up again will see that Wilson's judgment is right. Meredith set up as a foreigner to late-Victorian conventions. It is astonishing to see the young American critic so alert to a novelist's ruling insight: the interest in social influences was already sharpening a focus.

Elena Wilson's admirable selection or anthology of her husband's professional correspondence, "Letters on Literature and Politics: 1912-1972" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is intended as a proper homage and, above all, as a perpetuation of his voice. In an inveterate dyed-in-the-wool man of letters like Wilson, the pitch and range of voice as he persuades or adjudicates is of lasting importance. Wilson's letters, brisk and discursive, personal and spontaneous, convey the voice as it changed its tune over a long working life. Here is the writing animal in person at his many desks. The private Wilson will no doubt appear at some time when Leon Edel has dealt with the whole collection of Wilson papers; in the meantime there is a long and very perceptive introduction by Daniel Aaron, which will help the reader—particularly the British, some of whom were huffy about Wilson at the end of the war. He had always hated imperialism, but there was little of that left in us; and he was put out by our perhaps boring self-consciousness as people who were rather vain of having survived a long state of siege.

His addicted British readers had always been drawn both by his idiosyncrasies and by his insights into the relation of literature and life. The attraction of the voice for us was that it was sturdily American yet made us think of downright Johnson, of talkative Hazlitt, and of Macaulay's expository man. Wilson's manner was plain, deliberate, conversational, and clear. The classic men of letters of the eighteenth century could assume the probability of universal knowledge; the revolutions, the crises in society brought about by science and industrialism ruined that comfort. The new man had to become the disturbed investigator or diagnostician, the man collecting evidence. He had to increase his range yet come brusquely to the point. In Wilson, there was more than a touch of nostalgia for the American eighteenth century (lived on a frontier). One can see this in his family pride and in the dream of Talcottville in his old age, but it shows more vigorously in the thirties, in a letter to Dos Passos during the rows about Marx, Trotsky, Lenin, and Stalin. He spoke then of Marxism as being possibly a "second blooming of the Enlightenment," although the frost got at it later. In "To the Finland Station," he made his start with Michelet, rebuked those who thought that social wisdom had stopped there, and by the end of the

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book was mocking Communists of the thirties for finding a religion in the liturgy of the dialectic. The letters addressed to Dos Passos and Malcolm Cowley will be invaluable to the historian of the American twenties and thirties, when Wilson was doing editorial work on *The New Republic*. But far more important were his passion for literature itself and his concern for the state of American culture in a prosperous time of commercialism that was debasing taste—and his belief that this concern had become vital after the 1914 war, when America was no longer dependent intellectually on Europe and had so suddenly reached world power. In fact, Europe was not "finished," as he and other Americans sometimes said. It was faced by American problems with the disadvantage of lacking American power and wealth, but it had the inner strength of a dense and rooted history. This last may be a European delusion; it is, I think, Mr. Aaron's point when he says that Wilson belonged to "the American family of Matthew Arnold." Wilson wrote that Americans "ought to identify themselves a little more with the general life of the country." He was not as mellifluous as Arnold, but the famous theme of Culture and Anarchy had become international.

The personal difficulty of the independent man of letters in Wilson's time was how to survive financially by what he called "short-range writing" in order to get leisure for "long-range writing." Here he was an amusing bohemian strategist. He postponed the problem very shrewdly, as he explains more than once, by reviewing the books or writing the articles that would feed his projects. He was a born schemer. These short "openers" were expanded by more research, for he was by nature a voracious and scholarly digger and an endless reviser. He went after trifles like a truffle hunter. He was perpetually writing; if he was not reviewing or revising, he was filling notebooks and diaries as a store to which he could turn. Yet he seems always to have been short of money, and his debts may have been a Balzacian spur. Balzac—who hoped to solve problems by enlarging them—fascinated Wilson, and some of the beguiling proposals to editors and publishers have the avid note of the great French entrepreneur. There were many casualties among writers in the twenties and thirties, and, with real affection and sympathy, Wilson told them that depression must be "killed" by work. (He had suffered a breakdown himself.) By work he meant not work for work's sake but a return to the habit of work as an awakener of the creative imagination. As an editor, he was restless and very active. He was generous in praise, but he was pernickety in criticism, very much the schoolmaster who rapped the knuckles and then, as Mr. Aaron says, was apt to invite the victim for a weekend for the pleasure of forgetting it all in larger talk. There were resentments, I suppose, but in general there was a sort of pink-faced innocence in his magisterial manner; he felt himself to have become nothing short of Literature itself in his own quirky and disinterested person as he passed the bottle. Scores of his letters are amusing and instructive on this account. It is untrue to say that, like Shaw, he could quarrel without making enemies, but I suppose he learned something from Shaw, whom he had admired until Shaw projected himself as Methuselah.

To John Peale Bishop, Wilson wrote:

> Then I believe you give a false air of solemnity to certain passages: "I paid the admission for both. The air inside was dark and leaned with smoky faces. We sat forward on thin wooden benches. The dirt of the field was under our feet." Why not "We sat forward on thin wooden benches, with the dirt of the field under our feet"? You tend to do this kind of thing so much that when a real moment of solemnity or tension arrives the reader does not know whether or not to expect anything special. The thing which upset me most was your habit of beginning your sentences with adjectives or participles which don't modify anything that follows. . . .
>
> As for the subject, it is splendid. But why on earth do you make those occasional excursions into the minds of other characters than the boy when all the rest is seen only through his eyes?

Wilson may well have been right, but what a letter to get! The pedantry was flattering, for it seriously honored the writer's gift. To Morton D. Zabel, with whom he was wary about Conrad's "Under Western Eyes," in 1938, he made the thoroughly Wilsonian utterance:

> I think the whole Slavic end of Conrad ought to be gone into. You must certainly write about him: why not a book of three longish studies, like Thomas Mann's Wagner, Goethe, and Freud? Couldn't one of them be E. M. Forster? It seemed to me, by the way, in reading your piece in *The Nation*, that your writing has very much improved: you seem to have got rid of your old fault of verbosity.

If he was restless, he was no impressionist. He travelled and read to find out more—as we saw in his writing on the French Canadians, the Hai-

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tians, and the Iroquois. The question of the Dead Sea Scrolls was just the meat for the man who was not religious: he loved the controversy that he had stirred up. Always trust a rationalist on theology! He learned Hebrew—as earlier he had learned Russian, to read Pushkin, and perhaps to get away from Stalin and Trotsky—not only out of admiration but to enjoy the skirmishes of a grammarian. At the time when he was deep in Marx and Engels, he says, he found himself inventing German irregular verbs in his sleep. One understands why the notion that "something must be done" about Hungarian arose when he found that a Hungarian colony had settled near Talcottville. It is a wonder that he somehow escaped the Basques and the Welsh.

These excursions were more than bookish. They were indications of his energy and alacrity. The most engaging personal sideline as he grew older was his extraordinary interest in puppets, conjurers, and popular magic. (This was proper to his generation in Europe. I once sat out a literary dinner in Barcelona where elderly writers did all kinds of tricks at the table when the brandy came round.) The last time I saw Wilson in London, he was hunting down, he said, one of the last English "magicians." There is a letter to Louise Bogan—he wrote with special sympathy to women—which is comforting, comical, yet has the typical sociohistorical asides:

I have had various ideas about magic, which I have refrained from suggesting to you. You know, the art had made relatively little progress and had fallen into desuetude during the period when the movies were killing vaudeville, until the time when it came back with the night clubs. In the meantime, however, like a number of other things, it had fallen a victim to science. Houdini became scientifically interested in showing up the impostures of mediums, and, conversely, some professor of physics at Columbia conceived the idea of applying modern physical technique to magic. He rigged up a laboratory (no kidding) where he performed such miracles as Herman and Keller and Robert Houdon never dreamed: wax hands tapped the answers inside glass globes, the chosen ace of spades popped out of the pocket of somebody in the audience, and the pits of the mysterious lemon danced the Nutcracker Suite in mid-air. He initiated a few cockeyed colleagues, who were sworn to guard the secret. With the result that nightclub entertainments get nowhere, at the same time that the practice of magic is obstructing the progress of physics. (Blame Hitler if you like; I say that the trouble lies deeper.) And the old secrets of magic which used to be more or less kept are now—see the catalogue I sent you—being hawked to the public for something between a quarter and $7.50. He is rather upset about that "hawking," but there spoke the amateur: an art ought to be esoteric and childlike; commerce was wicked.

Mr. Aaron talks of Wilson as having acquired a Mr. Punch-like character, and, of course, the original English Punch was a petulant Radical. Wilson was delighted to hear that every English Punch burst into song after committing his crimes: "The male spectators, after seeing him dispose of his family, the landlord, the police, the hangman, the devil—all enemies or impediments to the ordinary man—used to want to shake his hand and offer him a drink." Wilson did not care for a modern puppet that showed that Mr. Punch had a sadistic side. His humorous attachment to Mr. Punch and to the "Ingoldsby Legends" suggests a direction his gifts might have taken if he had had a creative rather than a critical imagination. He loved burlesque, parody, caricature, and the grotesque. He wrote to Elena Wilson after visiting Italy:

Bomarzo, with its wild park and monsters, is more interesting than I had expected. I think that I am going to write about it. The legend about it is that one of the Orsini dukes was "a hunchback and deformed" and that his wife went to bed with a handsome young brother. The Duke killed the brother and then, to "express his anguish," began in 1560 on the park of the monsters. What is striking about this is that the whole thing, taken together, represents the emotions and imagination of a curious kind of poet. The inscriptions that go with the figures and other objects make an impression almost of Surrealism. . . . I found that Mario Praz, who had been excited by the monsters, was strangely disappointing when he wrote about them, and I attribute this to two causes: that he did not want to dwell on the Duke's deformity, and that, with his bad foot, he found it difficult to get around the park. . . . I had trouble getting around myself.

On the whole, Wilson writes more vividly and engagingly about travel in his letters than in his books, and certainly his portraits are keener. Of Max Beerbohm's hands:

I have never seen hands like his: his fingers are not fine and tapering—they are very long and of uniform thickness to the ends, where they look as if they had been sharpened into thin pencils. They resemble large engraver's tools rather than fingers.

The fact is that in his letters Wilson was freed from the excessive discipline of the expository, even clinical, style that took the spring out of the prose of his very self-conscious fictions "I Thought of Daisy" and "Memoirs of Hecate County." There was a bizarre

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creative imagination imprisoned in the critic, as the quotations above suggest; the artist might very well have turned out to be an irresponsible fiend at the elbow of the man of letters. To a reader outside the intimacies of the American scene, as I am, knowing only one or two of Wilson's swarm of talented correspondents, he has brought a generation to life. That voice of his, high and excited with inquiry, has done it.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

KOLONIALAGENT, by Robert Brain (Harper & Row; $8.95). Mr. Brain is an Australian anthropologist who has spent many years among the Bantu of Cameroon, and this novel about a nineteenth-century German who is one of the first whites to reach a tribe called the Bangwa draws heavily on his extensive knowledge of the culture and history of that country. Basically, the story is about an arrogant (if typical) European who, encouraged by the large sums he made from selling African masks, artifacts, and slaves collected on an earlier trip, returns a second time to purchase more. On his first trip, he was treated like a god. On this second one, however, his reception is shabby: he is bivouacked in humble quarters, kept away from important dignitaries, and generally treated like a pariah. There are menacing signs, which increase as the story progresses, that the formerly friendly Bangwa now distrust him. The agent tells his story in diary form, and though it provides a wealth of fascinating information about the habits and rites of the Bangwa, the rather stagy plot (which involves, among other things, cannibalism, fratricide, incest, suicide, and war) doesn't really do justice to Mr. Brain's erudition.

GENERAL

AMERICAN PAINTING, by Jules David Prown and Barbara Rose (Skira/Rizzoli; $45). One of the most beautiful books about American art ever produced, accompanied—wonder of wonders—by an informative, literate text. It is always startling to be reminded of how anti-art the American public was until well into the twentieth century, and of how long (despite the presence of such homegrown geniuses as Copley, Homer, Whistler, and Sargent) it took for the concept of art for art's sake to gain a foothold here. The illustrations, which have been chosen exceptionally well, include some rarely reproduced anonymous works, such as the intricate portrait "Mrs. Elizabeth Freake and Daughter Mary;" Copley's luminous portrait of Mrs. Humphrey Devereux; Gilbert Stuart's subtle, weighty "The Skater;" many unusually interesting examples of nineteenth-century romantic landscapes; some inspired Homer seascapes; and scores of modern paintings by such artists as Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock, Jasper Johns, Chuck Close, and Lee Krasner. John Walker, the former director of the National Gallery, has written a helpful introduction, and Mr. Prown and Miss Rose provide the lucid commentaries on pre- (Mr. Prown) and post- (Miss Rose) 1900 art. One hundred and thirty-nine illustrations, all in color.

THE CONTINUUM CONCEPT, by Jean Liedloff (Knopf; $7.95). There is an intellectual snarl at the heart of this book: the author assumes that a band of pacific Stone Age South American Indians with whom she lived for two and a half years exemplifies the fulfillment of man's inherent nature; she does not see that the aggressive barbarism of other Indians, including some she mentions, may also fulfill man's inherent nature. Nonetheless, the author's confusion of morality and taxonomy does not seriously mar a thoughtful account of a happy tribe whose arrangements of work and play neither bore nor irritate them, whose personalities are not abrasive, who do not fuss over minor discomforts, and who make the most of minor pleasures. Miss Liedloff believes that these fortunate traits are the result of their child-rearing practices, which she examines in detail and which offer, at the very least, a lot to think about: for example, her contrast between our nervous overprotection of children and the Indians' reliance on children's inborn skills at survival.

CLOSING TIME: THE TRUE STORY OF THE "GOODBAR" MURDER, by Lacey Fosburgh (Delacorte; $8.95). A reporter's account of the short life of a young woman schoolteacher (and singles-barfly) who was murdered in her West Seventy-second Street apartment on January 1, 1973—the same young woman who was to be the central figure in Judith Rossner's novel "Looking for Mr. Goodbar." The author, a *Times* reporter in 1973, was as-

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signed to the case by her city editor, and stayed on it through the hunt for the killer, his capture, and his suicide in the Tombs later in the year. Miss Fosburgh says that many people caught up in the case were reluctant to tell what they knew of the young woman's background and obscure mode of living, so that some gaps in the narrative had to be filled in by assumption. Still, it can be said that this is a powerful and skillfully fashioned story, superior in every way to the Rossner novel. But that comparison may be invidious, in light of the fact that Miss Rossner has steadfastly denied that her story had any factual basis at all.

ADAPTATION TO LIFE, by George E. Vaillant (Little, Brown; $9.95). The author, a psychiatrist, tells us that back in 1937 an imaginative philanthropist named William T. Grant decided that there had been plenty of research into mental disease, and that what was needed was a study of mental health. He determined to provide the funds, and this book is a report on the study's findings. The project began by selecting, from several successive classes at an unnamed college that sounds like Harvard, those young men who seemed most likely to succeed. It has followed their lives down to the present, using a variety of psychological tools, such as questionnaires, interviews, and tests. Dr. Vaillant (who is much younger than the participants) studied the dossiers and conducted the latest round of interviews with the survivors. Partly because he writes very well, he has given us material for a shelf of novels, as well as valuable hints for our own emotional survival. His point is that no man escapes trouble, but that the difference between emotional health and some degree of emotional unhealthiness is the way that individuals react to challenges, defeats, and sorrows. The author spells out clearly what he means, offering precise accounts of fruitful or destructive behavior in the lives of middle-class American men.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Eureka (Calif.) Times-Standard*]

RICHMOND, Mass. (AP)—Perhaps they should make Robert Yerkes and Kenneth Taylor both selectmen of this tiny town in the Berkshires. Perhaps they could just forget the whole thing.

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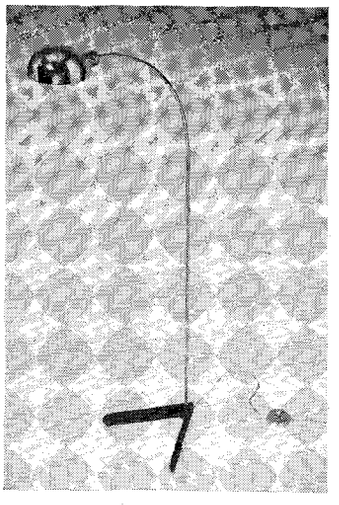

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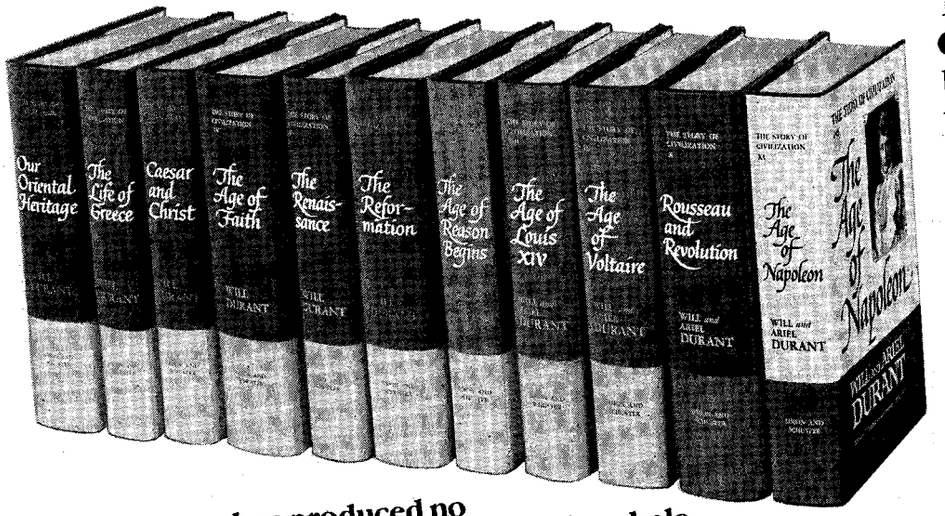

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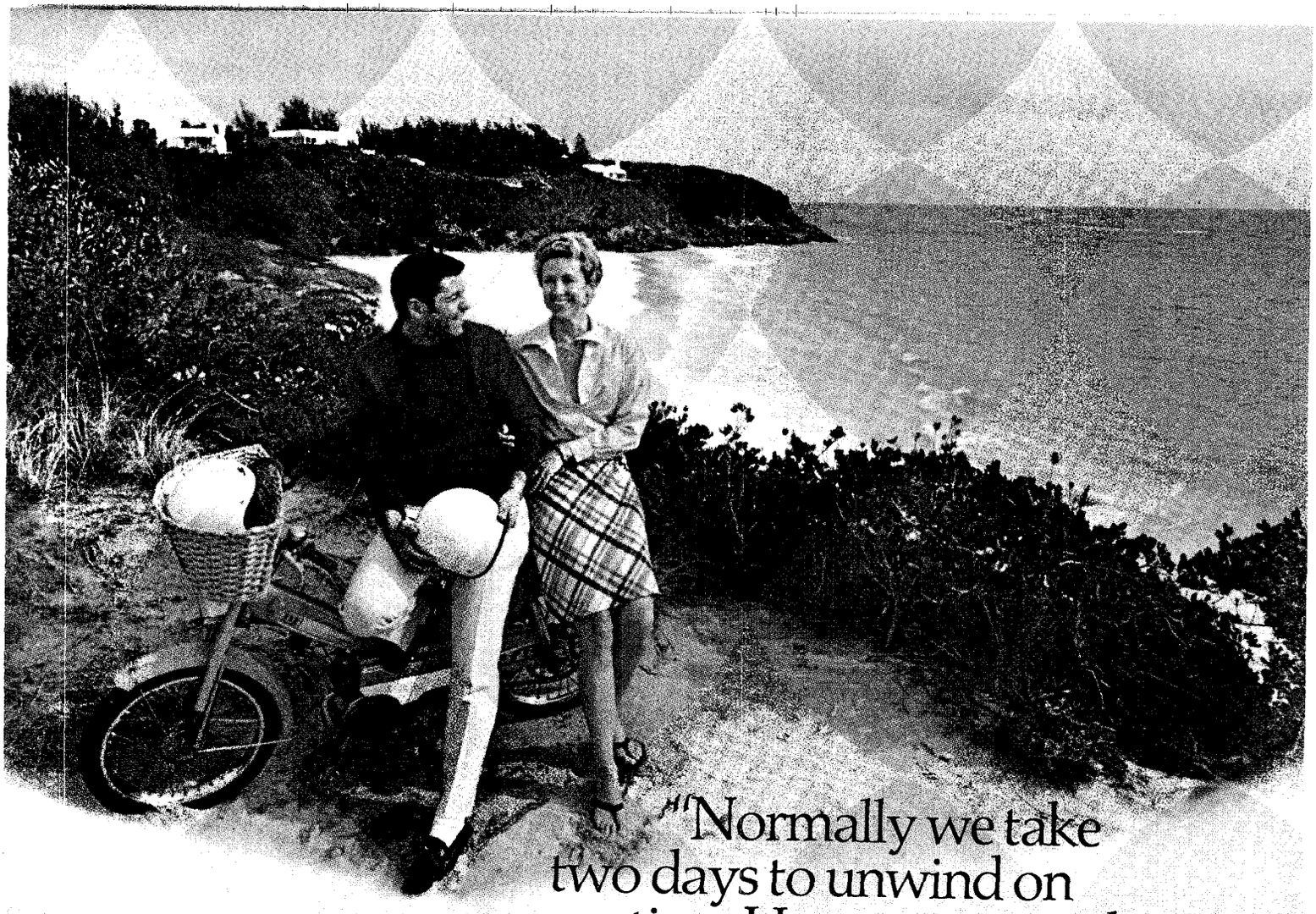

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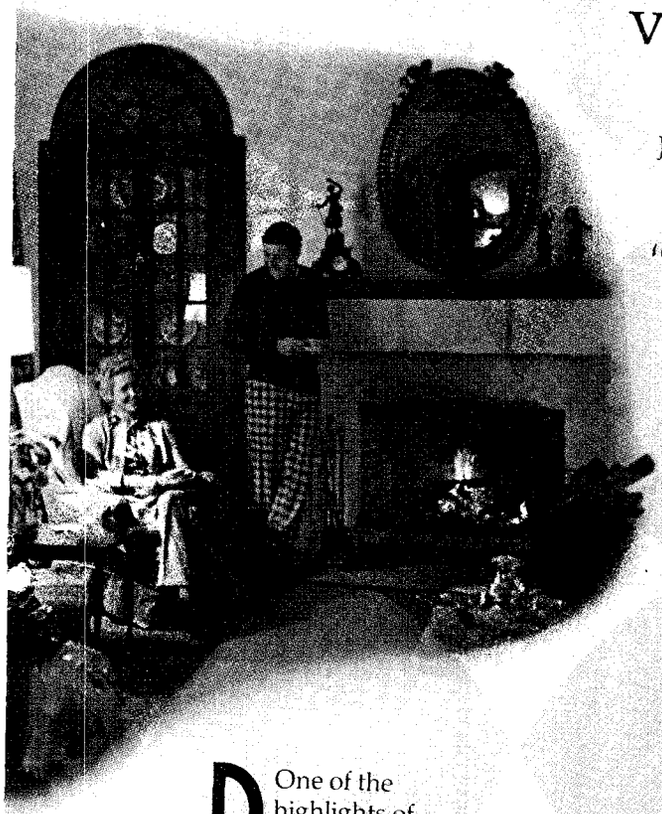
John and Judy Johnson reminisce about their third trip to Bermuda.



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